

CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE

**AND
HIS**

SECRET SUPER-JET

**SKYFIGHTER
Steve Savage**

10c
No.3

**Night-Raid in
KOREA!**

**Flight into Danger
Crash-Landing
in Manchuria**





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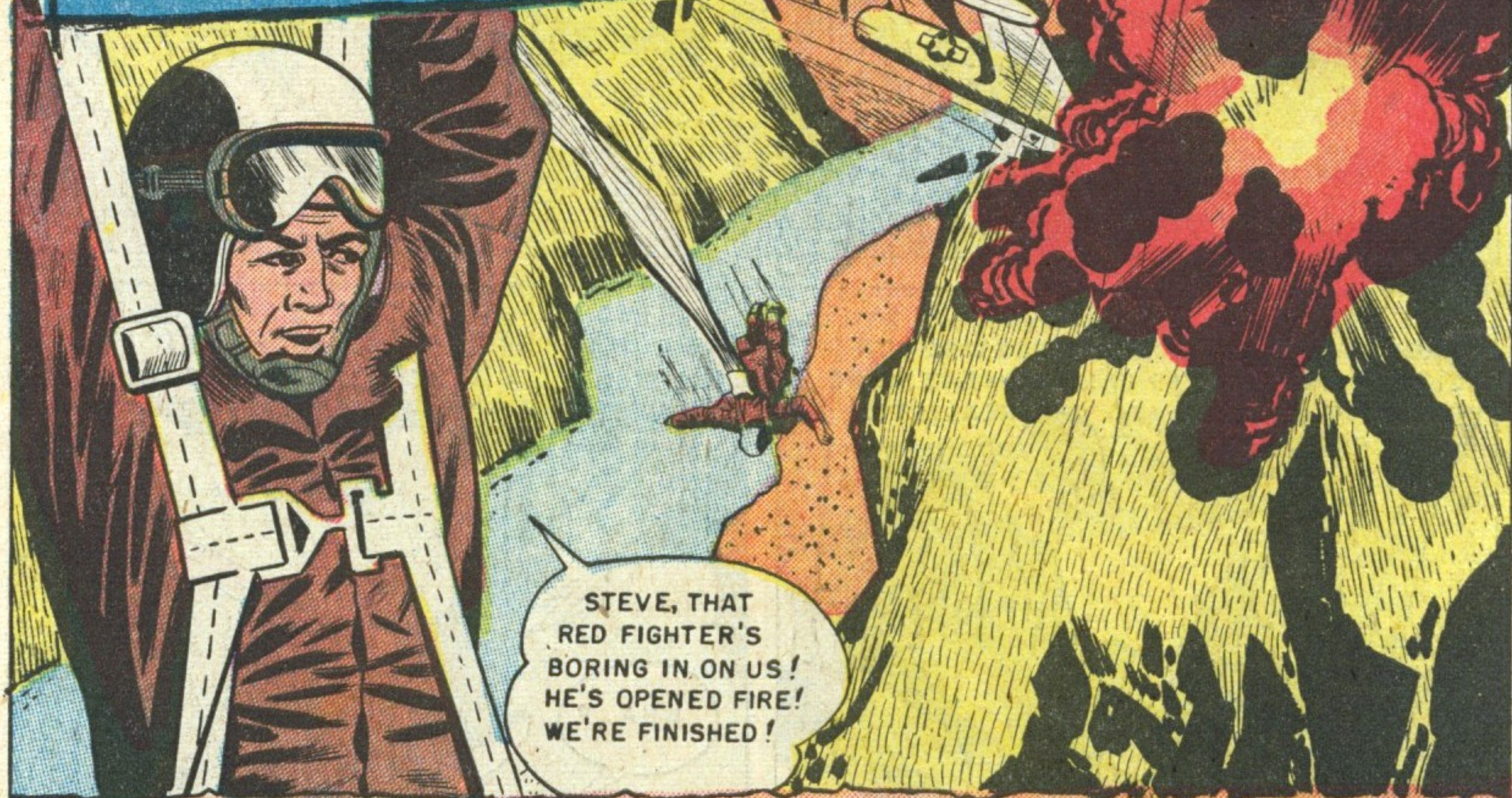
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AND HIS NEW SIDE-KICK,
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**CAPTAIN
SAVAGE
AND HIS
NAVIGATOR
SPEND THEIR
MOST
HAIR-RAISING
MOMENTS
ON A...
"FLIGHT
INTO
DANGER!"**

**WILD TRIBESMEN OF THE PLAINS,
STRIKING SWIFTLY, FEROCIOUSLY!
CAPTAIN SAVAGE AND LOGAN
HAD TO FACE THESE RAIDERS IN
THE... "CRASH-LANDING
IN MANCHURIA!"**

NIGHT-RAID ON KOREA!



STEVE, THAT
RED FIGHTER'S
BORING IN ON US!
HE'S OPENED FIRE!
WE'RE FINISHED!

CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS NEW SIDE-KICK, **JAZZ LOGAN**, FOUND THEMSELVES CUT OFF FROM THEIR SQUADRON DURING A **NIGHT-RAID ON NORTH KOREA!** THEY THOUGHT IT STRANGE WHEN TWENTY ENEMY JET FIGHTERS POUNCED ON THEIR TAIL, YET MADE **NO** EFFORT TO SHOOT THEM DOWN! HAD THEY KNOWN IT, THE STRANGEST PART WAS YET TO COME, AS THEY EMBARKED ON A **MANCHURIAN ADVENTURE!**

IN THE OFFICERS LOUNGE AT AN ADVANCED FIGHTER-SQUADRON BASE SOMEWHERE IN KOREA...

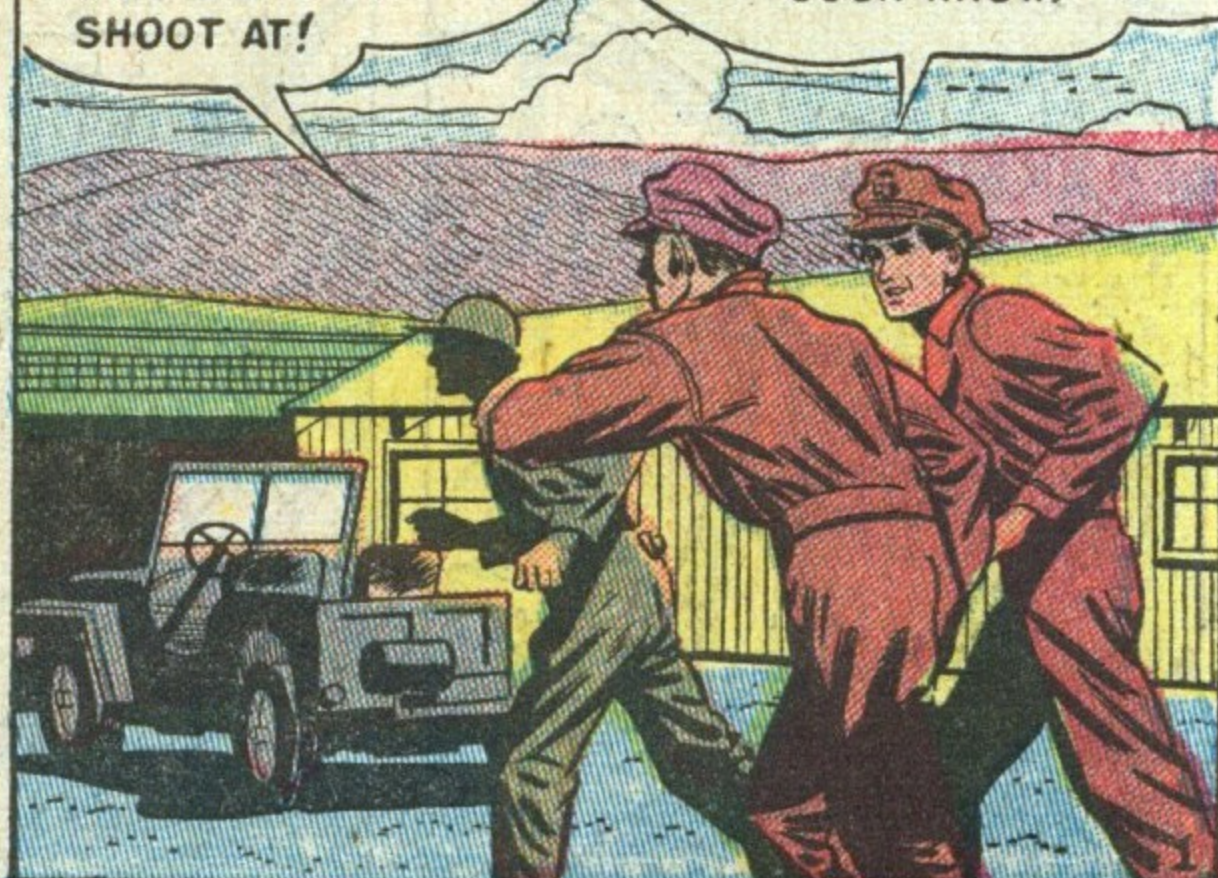
HEY, FELLOWS, THE NEW THUNDER-JETS ARE HERE!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, JOE?



I DUNNO, SIR! THAT EXTRA SEAT FOR THE RADAR MAN MAKES THEM PRETTY BIG AND UNWIELDY LOOKING! GIVES THE REDS TOO MUCH PLANE TO SHOOT AT!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FAST, MANEUVERABLE AND AWFULLY HARD FOR AN ENEMY GUNNER TO HIT! WE'LL SOON KNOW.



A MOMENT LATER, AT THE AIR-STRIP, STEVE TALKS TO THE TEST-PILOT THAT ACCOMPANIED THE SHIPS FROM THE FACTORY...

WELL, CAPTAIN, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THESE BABIES?

CAN'T TELL, MISTER! THEY LOOK FAST, BUT I DOUBT IF THEY CAN OUT-MANUEVER WHAT WE'RE USING NOW.



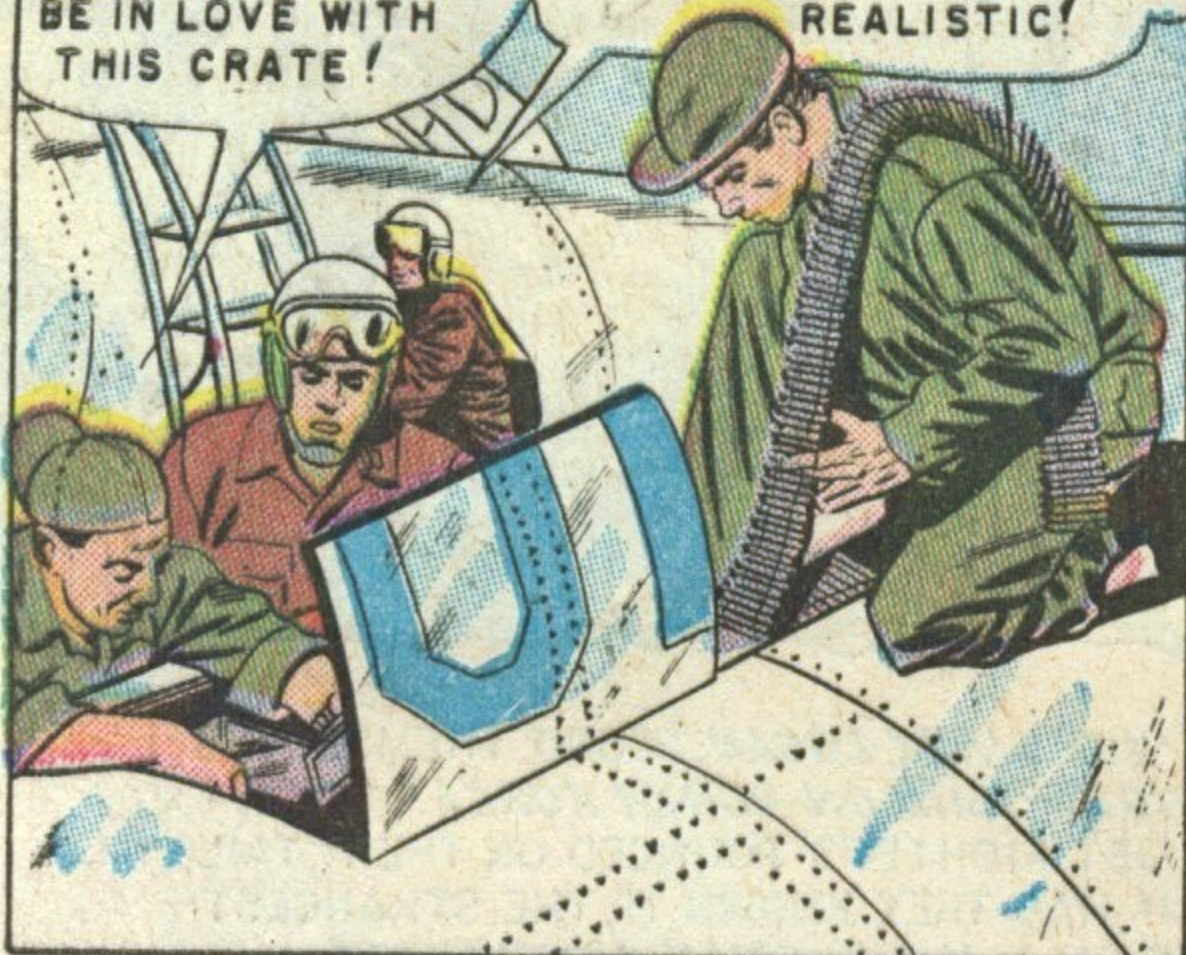
I'LL TELL YOU, CAPTAIN. YOU'VE GOT A REPUTATION FOR BEING THE HOTTEST FIGHTER PILOT IN KOREA. NOW, I'LL JUST BET YOU THAT I CAN OUT-MANUEVER AND OUT-FIGHT YOU IN ONE OF THESE BABIES.

YOU JUST MADE YOUR-SELF A BET!

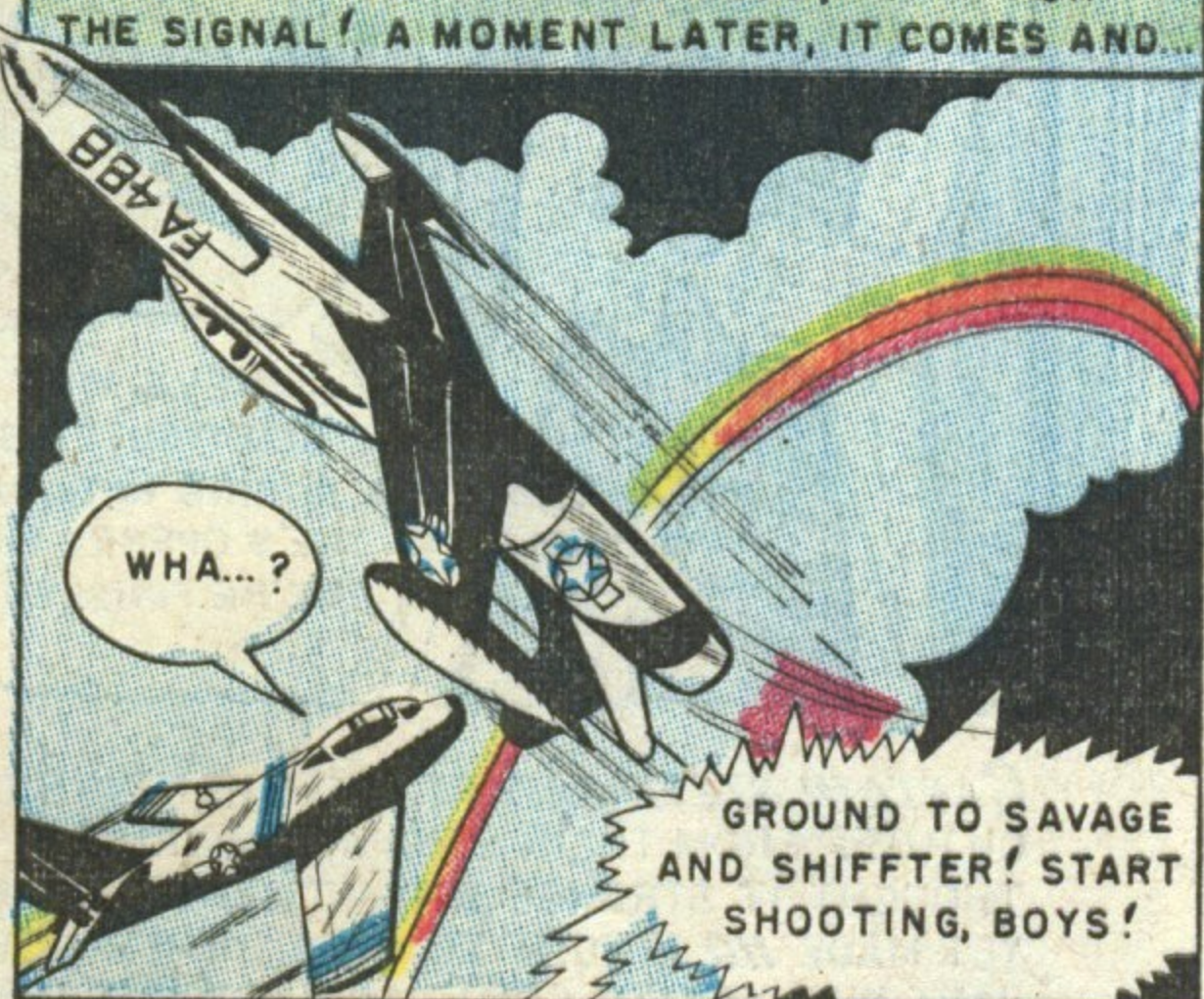


WHEN I END THIS DEMONSTRATION, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN LOVE WITH THIS CRATE!

JOE, LOAD OUR GUNS WITH PRACTISE BLANKS! IT'LL MAKE IT MORE REALISTIC!



THE TWO SHIPS TAKE TO THE AIR AND LEVELING OUT AT THE SAME ALTITUDE, WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL! A MOMENT LATER, IT COMES AND...



NOW, WHERE THE DICKENS DID THAT CHARACTER GO? I...

RAT-AT-TAT!
RAT-AT-TAT!



I'M LIKE A SITTING DUCK TO THAT CHARACTER! I NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

HOW ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN? READY TO CALL IT QUITS?



I AM! AND IS MY FACE RED! YOU MADE ME FEEL LIKE A KINDERGARTEN PILOT!

NOT ME, CAPTAIN, THE SHIP! IT'S A HONEY! THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS WORLD THAT CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO IT!





CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE!
CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE!
REPORT TO COLONEL
DONOVAN, IMMEDIATELY!



WE'RE CONVINCED THIS
NEW SHIP MAKES OURS
LOOK LIKE GO-CARTS!

I'VE GOT TO SEE
WHAT'S UP AT H.Q.!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS

SIR?

IT'S ABOUT THESE NEW PLANES,
CAPTAIN! THEY'RE THE BEST SHIP
BUILT YET, AND DESIGNED PRI-
MARILY FOR NIGHT-FLYING! THE
REDS WOULD LOVE TO GET THEIR
HANDS ON ONE...THEY'LL TRY, TOO!



OUR JOB'S TO KEEP THAT FROM HAPPENING
JUST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE! WE'RE TAKING
THESE MEASURES TO INSURE THAT! (1) DON'T
DISCUSS THE SHIP,... NOT AMONG YOURSELVES
OR WITH OTHER SQUADRONS. (2) DON'T LET
ONE FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS...

BUT, SIR...?



I KNOW! SOMETIMES A PILOT GETS FORCED
DOWN IN ENEMY TERRITORY! THIS IS AN
EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, CAPTAIN... WHICH WILL

BE INSTALLED IN
EVERY SHIP! IN
THE EVENT THAT
A SHIP IS FORCED
DOWN...THE PILOT
WILL SET THIS
CHARGE BEFORE HE
LEAVES! THERE
WON'T BE ANYTHING
LEFT FOR THE
COMMIES!



HOW ABOUT THE
RADAR MEN FOR
THESE SHIPS, SIR?
THEY HAVEN'T
BEEN ASSIGNED
TO US YET!

WE'LL HAVE THEM TOMOR-
ROW! MEANWHILE, PUT
YOUR BOYS IN THE SHIPS
AND KEEP THEM THERE...
UNTIL THEY KNOW HOW TO
HANDLE THEM. IT SHOULDN'T
TAKE THEM MORE THAN A
DAY OR SO!

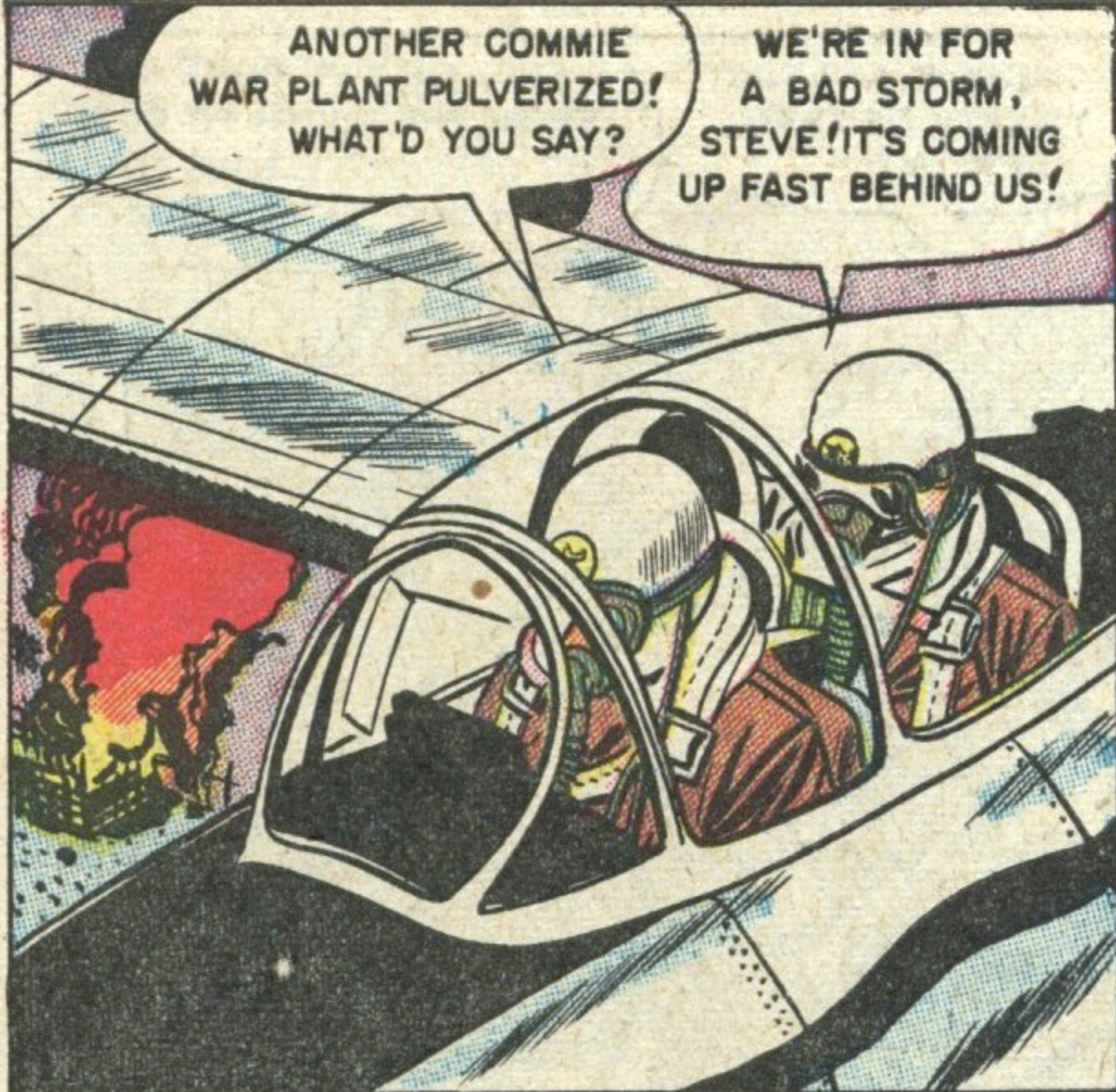


SOMETIME LATER, THE RAIDERS ARE OVER TARGET AND PEELING OFF FOR THEIR BOMB-RUNS. DROP THEIR LETHAL CARGO OF T.N.T.! THE FIGHTER CRAFT FORMS A COVER OF PROTECTION ABOVE THEM AND BEYOND THE FIGHTERS LURKS THEIR CAPTAIN AND LOGAN AS SOLITARY SENTINELS---



ANOTHER COMMIE WAR PLANT PULVERIZED! WHAT'D YOU SAY?

WE'RE IN FOR A BAD STORM, STEVE! IT'S COMING UP FAST BEHIND US!



WE'D BETTER JOIN THE SQUADRON! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE --

IT'S HIT US! WE'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME!



A CURTAIN OF RAIN CLOSES IN, CUTS THEIR VISIBILITY TO ZERO! WIND TEARS AT THEM, TWISTS THEM IN ITS GIANT HAND--

WE'LL TEAR OURSELVES TO PIECES IF WE TRY BUCKING THIS HEAD-ON! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN BEFORE IT!

BETTER MAKE IT QUICK! WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT RIGHT IN IT!



THE WINGS ARE TAKING AN AWFUL BEATING!

WE'LL MAKE IT! WHEN THE U.S. ARMY BUYS COMBAT CRAFT, THEY MAKE SURE THEY'RE REALLY BUILT! HOLD ON!



FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, STEVE BATTLES THE RAGING STORM! THEN, SUDDENLY ---

WE'RE IN THE CLEAR! I? OH, OH, STEVE--VISITORS! AND RED ONES AT THAT!

A NICE MESS! WE'RE LOW ON GAS--TOO LOW TO EVEN MAKE OUR OWN LINES!





THERE'S AT LEAST TWENTY OF THEM, STEVE!

AND THEY'VE COME IN FROM THE SOUTH TO CUT US OFF! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND OUTFRAN 'EM!



BUT FIRST, WE'RE GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY!



STEVE KICKS HIS SHIP INTO A STEEP, SCREAMING DIVE, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE THREE FOREMOST ENEMY JETS! BEFORE THEY KNOW IT, HE'S IN THEIR MIDST, GUNS BLAZING!



WOW! THAT'S SHOOTING!

WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH GAS LEFT IN THE TANKS TO LOSE THE OTHER GOOKS-- I HOPE!



HOW'RE WE DOING?

THEY'RE SO FAR BEHIND THEY'LL NEVER CATCH UP! BUT--HEY, THAT'S THE YALU RIVER BELOW US! WE'RE IN MANCHURIA!

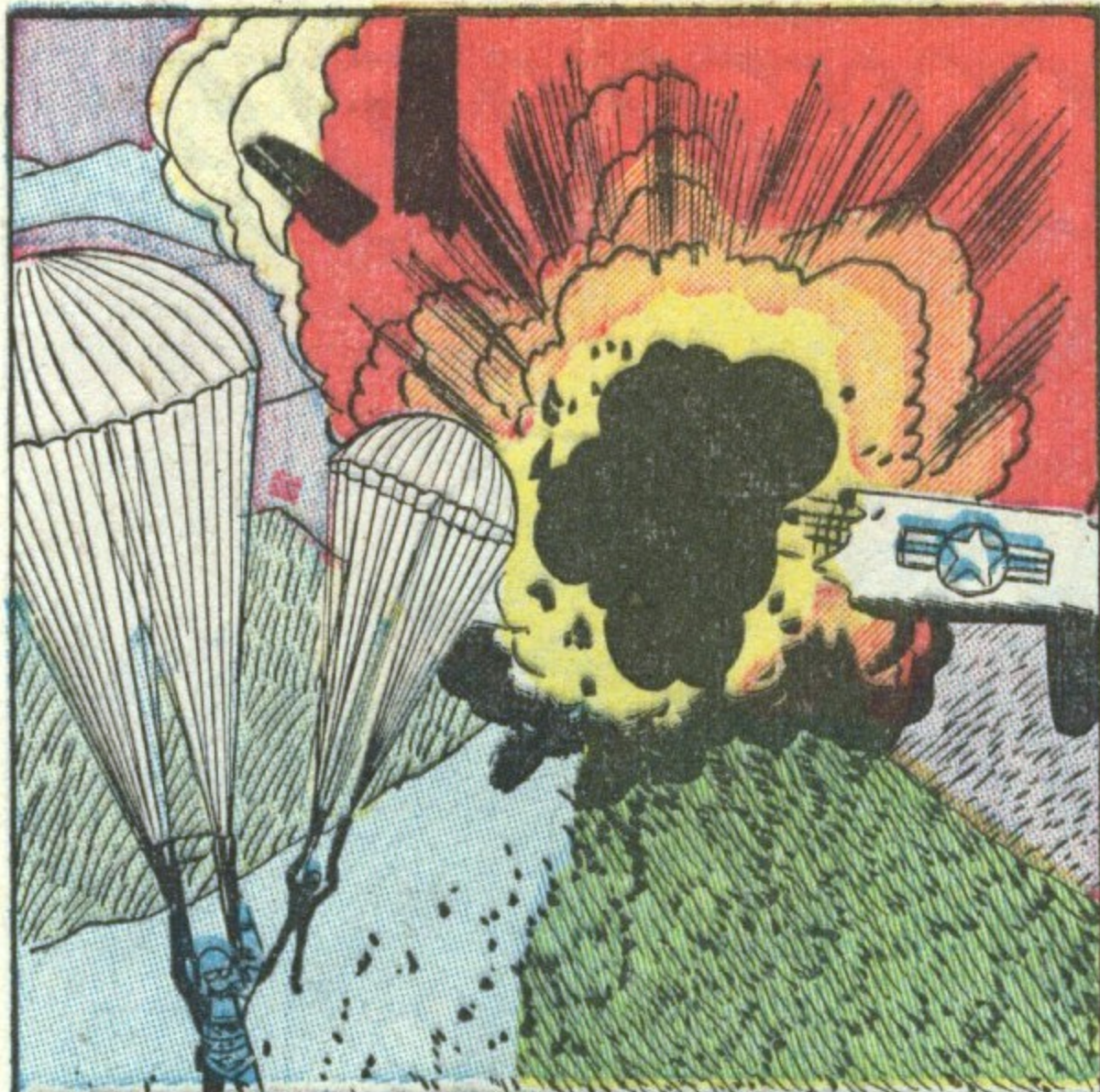


I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU! MAN-CHURIA'S OUR NEXT STOP, AND WE'RE GOING TO BE ON FOOT! I'VE JUST ACTIVATED THE EXPLOSIVE-CHARGE. IT'LL EXPLODE WHEN THE SHIP HITS THE GROUND! GET READY TO JUMP! WE'RE LEAVING THIS CRATE IN JUST SIXTY SECONDS!



AND...

GO!



GOSH, STEVE-- SHE
MAKES A BIG BONFIRE!

YES, AND ONE THAT'S
SURE TO DRAW ANY RED
TROOPS WITHIN MILES!
GET YOUR CHUTE OFF AND
BURY IT! WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE!



STEVE, WAIT--
LOOK!

BARBARIAN HORSEMEN
FROM THE PAGES OF HISTORY!
DESCENDANTS OF THE CONQUER-
ING MONGOLS! AND PROBABLY
FOLLOWING THE BANNER OF
THE HAMMER AND SICKLE!
LOGY, WE'RE REALLY IN
A SPOT NOW.



WHAT'RE THEY
LIGHTING THEM
TORCHES FOR?

US, I IMAGINE! LOOK, THEY'RE
FORMING A LONG LINE! THEY'RE
GOING TO SWEEP THIS PLAIN LIKE
A BROOM AND TRY TO TURN US UP!
CHECK YOUR AUTOMATIC, LOGY--
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!



TORCHES
HELD ALOFT,
THEIR EYES
SEARCHING,
THE MONGOL
TRIBESMEN
STREAM
ACROSS
THE PLAIN...



AND...

THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
WE'RE FINISHED, LOGY, BUT
BEFORE THEY GET US--
LET'S TAKE SOME OF THEM
ALONG TO KEEP US
COMPANY!



CAN STEVE AND LOGY STEM THE TIDE OF HORSEMEN,
OR MUST THEY PERISH IN THE WILD, BLOODY RUSH?
CHAPTER TWO GIVES THE AMAZING ANSWER...

CRASH- LANDING IN MANCHURIA!

THIS IS IT!
SO-LONG,
STEVE!



WILD TRIBESMEN OF THE PLAINS, STRIKING **SWIFTLY, FEROCIOUSLY!** SWORDS AND ANTI-QUATED MUSKETS AGAINST **MACHINE GUNS** AND **HEAVY ARTILLERY!** HORSES AGAINST MODERN ARMORED **TANKS!** THESE ARE THE ODDS **STEVE SAVAGE** AND **LOGAN** MUST ACCEPT WHEN THEY THROW IN THEIR LOT WITH THE **RAIDERS!**

WAIT! THE BIG BOSS
IS MAKING A SIGN
OF FRIENDSHIP!

IF THESE GUYS ARE
REDS, THEY'LL MAKE
PEACE SIGNS WITH ONE
HAND AND STAB US IN THE
BACK WITH
THE OTHER!



BE NOT AFRAID OF US,
FRIEND. WE DO NOT
SLAY THE AMERICANS.
WE TOOK YOU AT FIRST
FOR THE ENEMY, THE THRICE
ACCURSED RED ONES!

HEY, THE GUY
SPEAKS ENGLISH!



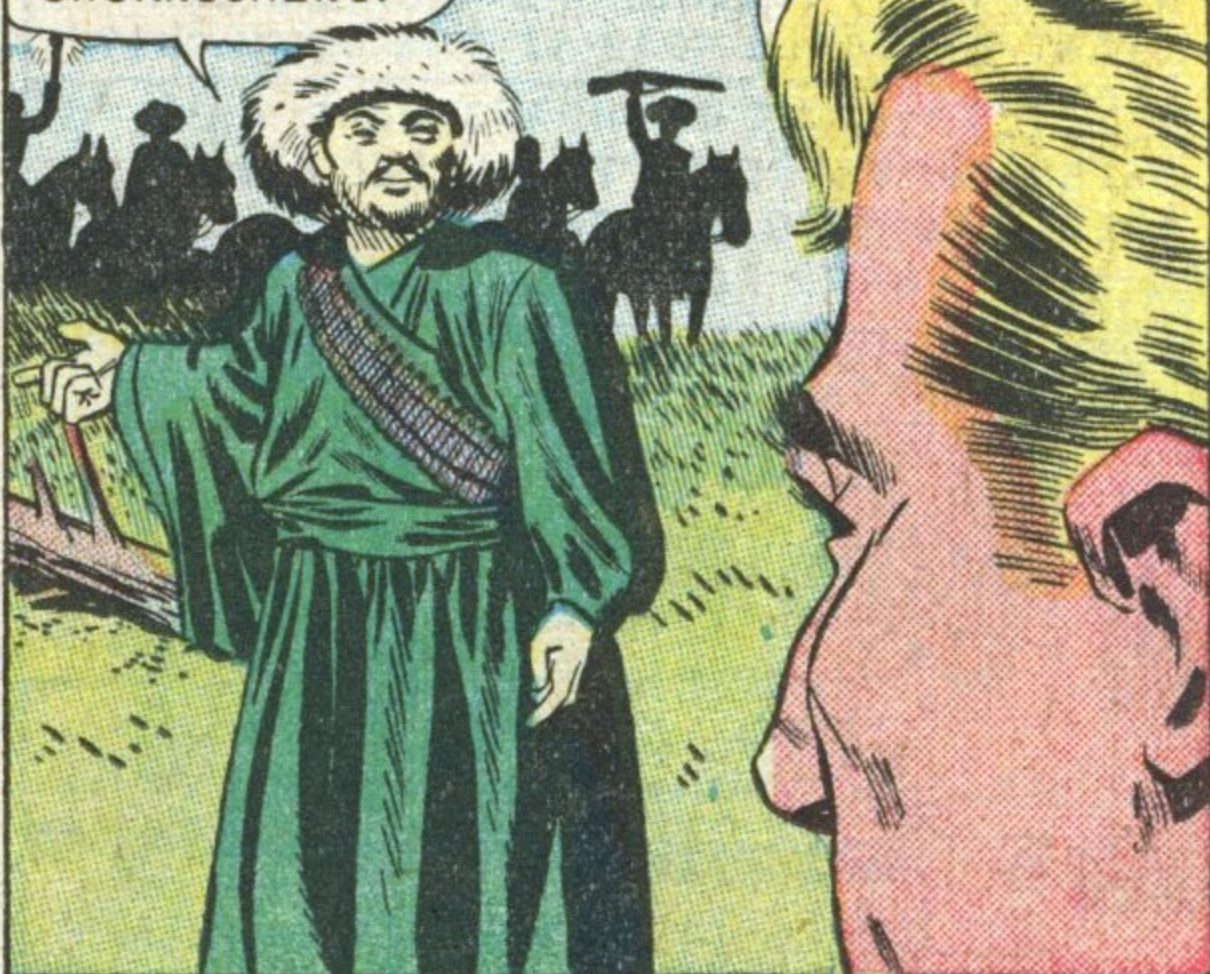
YES. I HAD THE HONOR OF PLAYING HOST TO ONE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN-- SOME YEARS AGO. A GREAT EXPLORER FROM YOUR MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. HE WAS MY GUEST FOR NEARLY A YEAR!

WE'RE CERTAINLY GLAD YOU TURNED OUT TO BE A FRIEND!



YOU WILL HONOR MY CAMP! I AM CALLED KWANG THE STRONG, CHIEFTAIN OF THE SHUANGCHENG!

I'M STEVE SAVAGE AND MY FRIEND IS, JAZZ LOGAN!



HU SHEI! BRING TWO HORSES FOR OUR GUESTS! WE MUST MOVE ON. I DO NOT WANT THE RED ONES TO KNOW MY PEOPLE ARE IN THIS VICINITY--UNTIL I CHOOSE THE HOUR!



SOON... STEVE, WHAT'M I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME TO RIDE IN BROOKLYN.



HANG ON, AND IF YOU CAN'T HANG ON--PRAY, AND IF YOU CAN'T PRAY, DON'T LOOK TO ME FOR SYMPATHY!



YOU'RE A LOT OF HELP!

THE TROOP MOVES SWIFTLY, TOWARD THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS! RIDING HARD AT DAWN, MANY HOURS LATER--

MY VILLAGE. IT SHALL BE YOURS AS LONG AS YOU COMMAND!



THANKS, KWANG, BUT WE'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO OUR BASE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE, LIE MANY MILES OF ENEMY COUNTRY! IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAVERSE IT BY FOOT! BIDE WITH ME AWHILE. WE WILL PUT OUR WITS TO THE PROBLEM!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH, KWANG.



EARLY THAT SAME EVENING, AFTER A FEW HOURS REST IN KWANG'S YURT, STEVE AND LOGAN SATISFY THEIR APPETITES WHILE KWANG TELLS THEM OF HIS PEOPLE'S CONSTANT STRUGGLE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST ENEMY... AYE, WE OF SHUANGCHENG, HAVE NEVER SURRENDERED TO THE RED DOGS! THEY'VE COME TO RESPECT OUR SHARP FANGS!



CONSIDERING YOUR OUT-MODED WEAPONS, IT'S REMARKABLE THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO FIGHT THEM! I...

HA! SOMETHING HAS EXCITED MY MEN!



IT IS CHING, ONE OF MY SENTRIES FROM THE HIGH PASS! HE BRINGS ME NEWS THAT WILL GLADDEN MY HEART, I THINK! COME, RECEIVE HIM WITH ME!



HO, KWANG, THE STRONG ONE, LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE, I BRING YOU THAT WHICH YOU HAVE WAITED LONG FOR. AN ARMY OF THE RED ONES... MOVING TOWARD THE PASS!

A CHINESE DIVISION, APPARENTLY.



THEY COME WITH MANY BIG GUNS AND THE IRON CARS SCOUT THE WAY!

ARTILLERY AND TANKS, HE MEANS. BUT DON'T TELL ME KWANG IS THINKING OF TANGLING WITH THEM. IT'S SUICIDE!

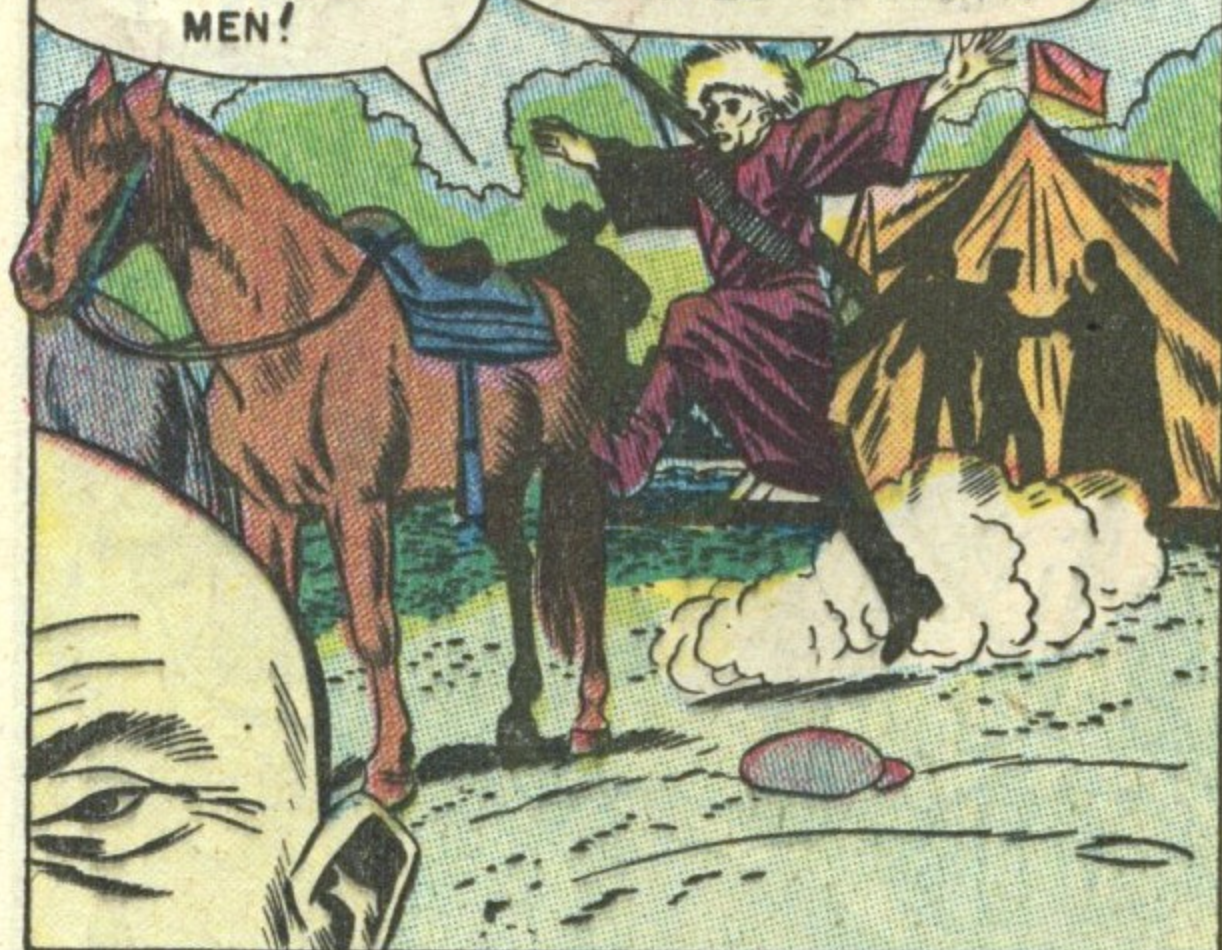


HO, MEN OF A THOUSAND VICTORIES! ONCE MORE WE GIVE BATTLE TO THE RED ONES. ONCE MORE WE DIP OUR BLADES IN BLOOD!



YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! YOU'VE ONLY A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MEN!

THE SHUANGHENG IS TRAINED TO FIGHT FROM BIRTH! HE RIDES BEFORE HE WALKS... HE *LIVES* TO FIGHT!



YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL RIDE WITH ME... AND SEE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER AND TO PASS ON TO YOUR GRANDCHILDREN. YOU WILL SEE THE SHUANGCHENG... RIDE INTO BATTLE!



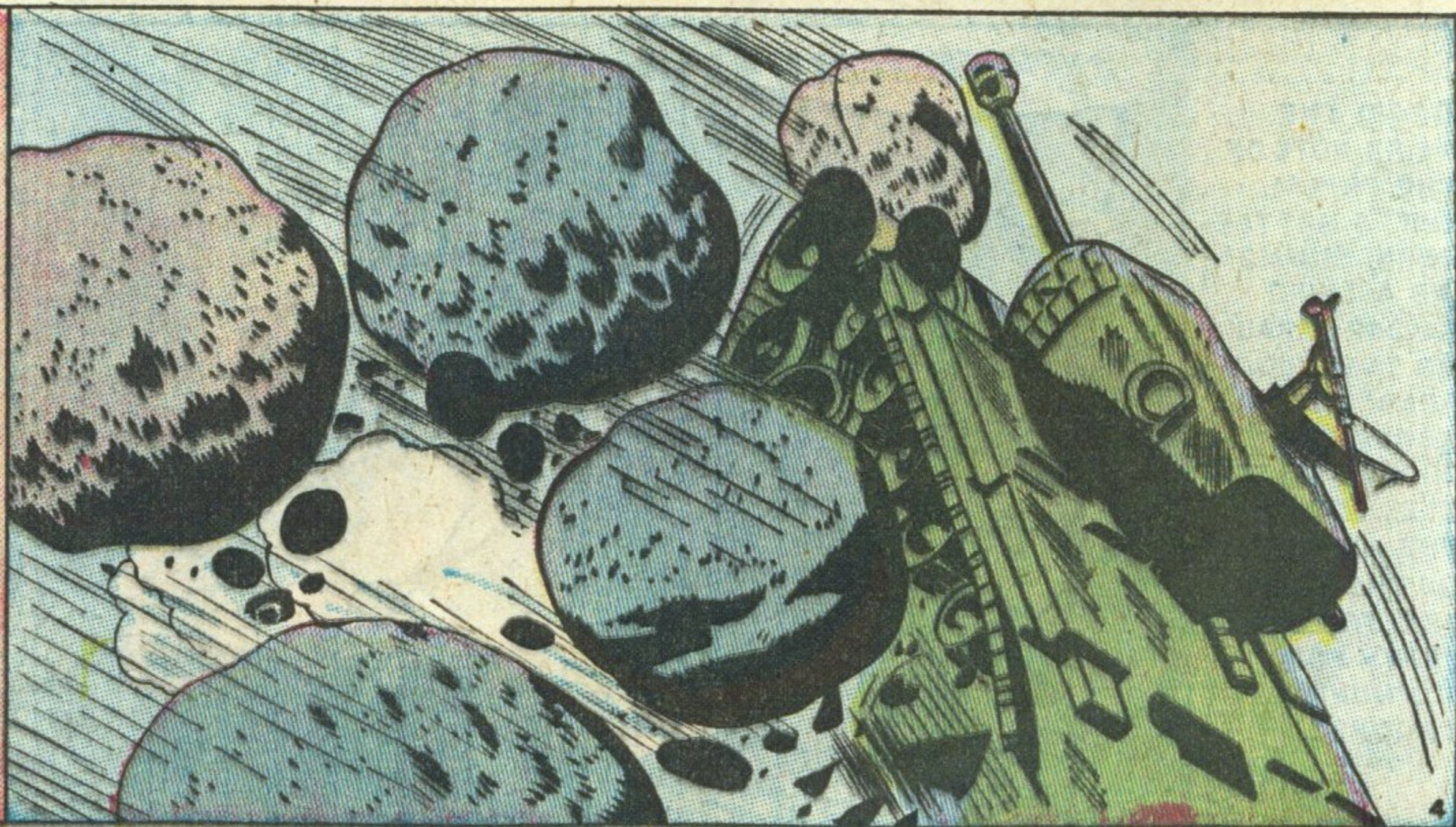
SOMETIME LATER, AT THE PASS, KWANG DIVIDES HIS FORCES UNDER THREE OF HIS SUB-CHIEFS, AND MAKES FURTHER PREPARATIONS TO MEET THE ENEMY...

HERE COME THE TANKS! IF YOU'RE GOING TO KNOCK THEM OUT, YOU'D BETTER ACT... *FAST!*

WATCH!



THE TANKS ENTER THE PASS AND MEET THE AVALANCHE OF ROCK WHICH THUNDERS DOWN TO BURY THEM FOREVER!



THE ADVANCE FORCE OF THE CHINESE INFANTRY DIVISION COMES TO A SUDDEN HALT AT THE BARRIER! KWANG RAISES A HAND-CARVED TRUMPET TO HIS LIPS AND BLOWS A SINGLE EIRIE NOTE...

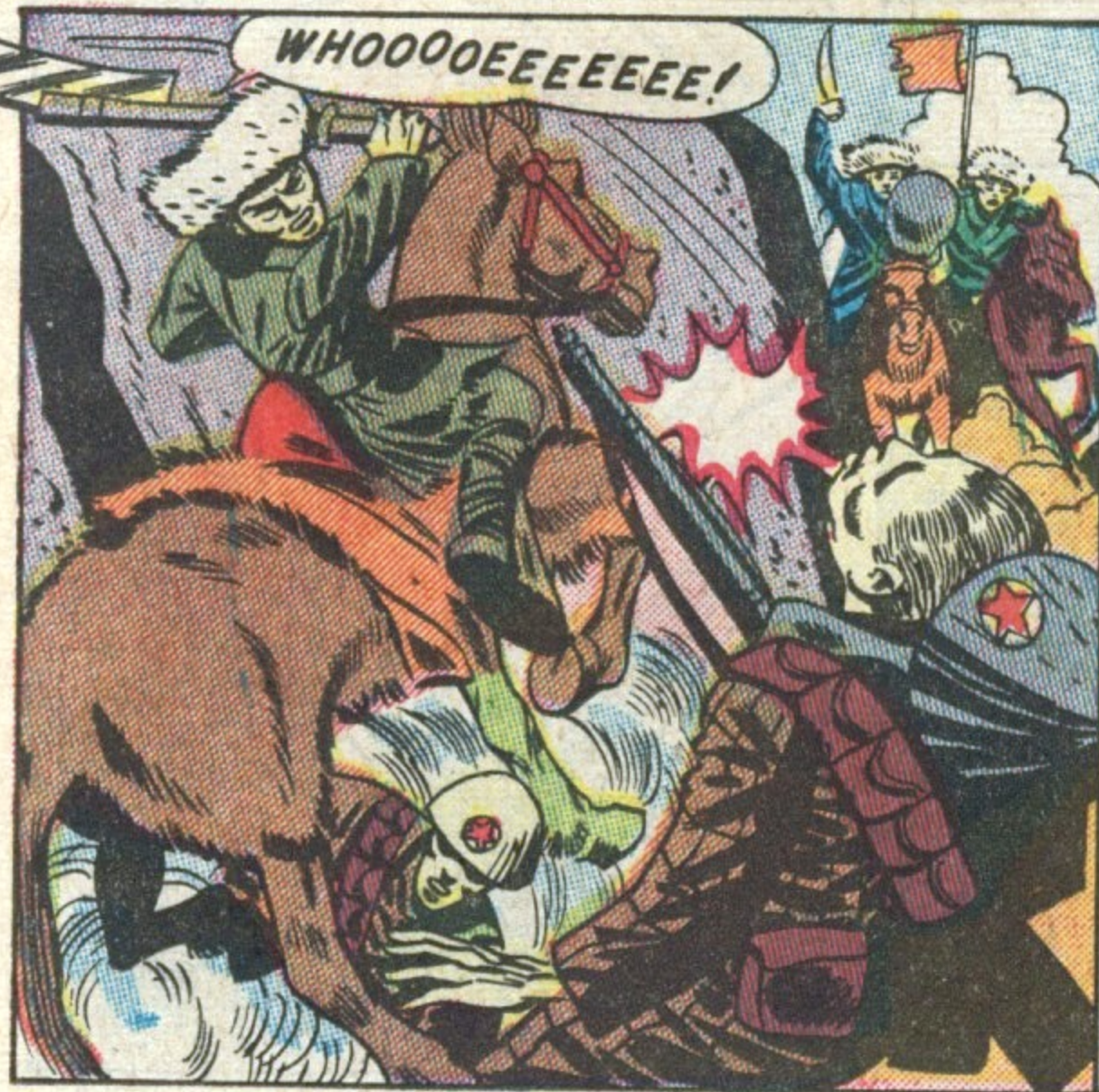
WHOOOEEEEEE!



AND HIS FIRST UNIT OF HORSEMEN LAUNCH A HEAD-ON ATTACK!



WHOOOEEEEEEEEEE!



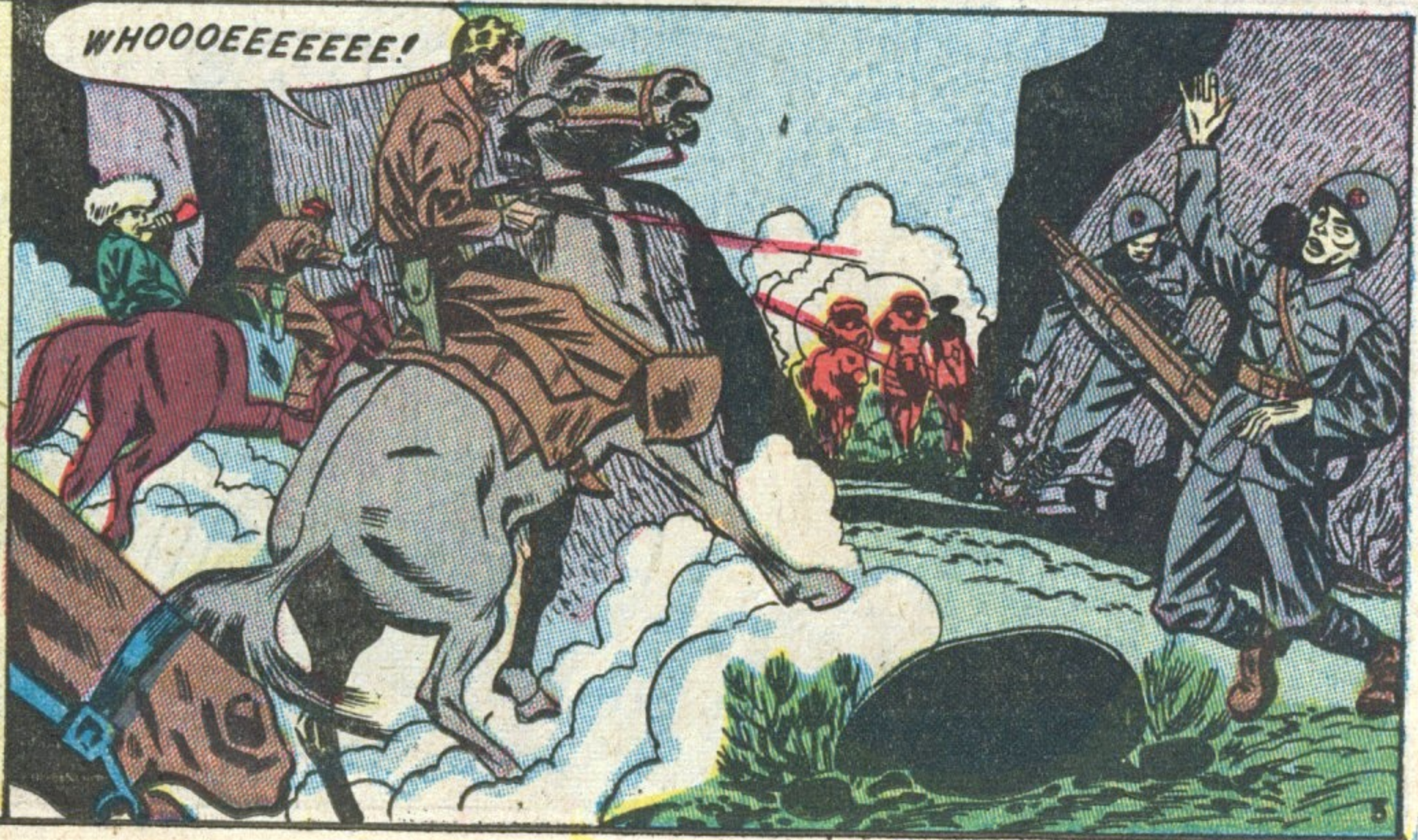
DAZED WITH SHOCK, TERRIFIED BY THE SAVAGE FACES, THE BARBARIAN YELLS, SHRINKING FROM THE NAKED STEEL, THE ENEMY FALLS BACK, ONLY TO MEET STILL ANOTHER CHARGE!

WHOOOEEEEEE!



WHOOOEEEEEEEEEE!

AGAIN THE WEIRD NOTE OF THE TRIBAL CHIEF'S BATTLE-HORN, SUMMONING A THIRD SAVAGE ASSAULT ON THE ENEMY REAR! RISING ABOVE THE SOUND OF BATTLE... SOUNDS THE HIGH NOTE OF THE TRUMPET... TOLLING DEATH FOR COMMUNIST TROOPS!



THE RED DOGS CRINGE AT THE SHUANGCHENG WAR-CRY! *HO*, SLAVES TO THE MEN OF THE NORTH! MEET THE BLADES OF FREE MEN AND---*DIE!*



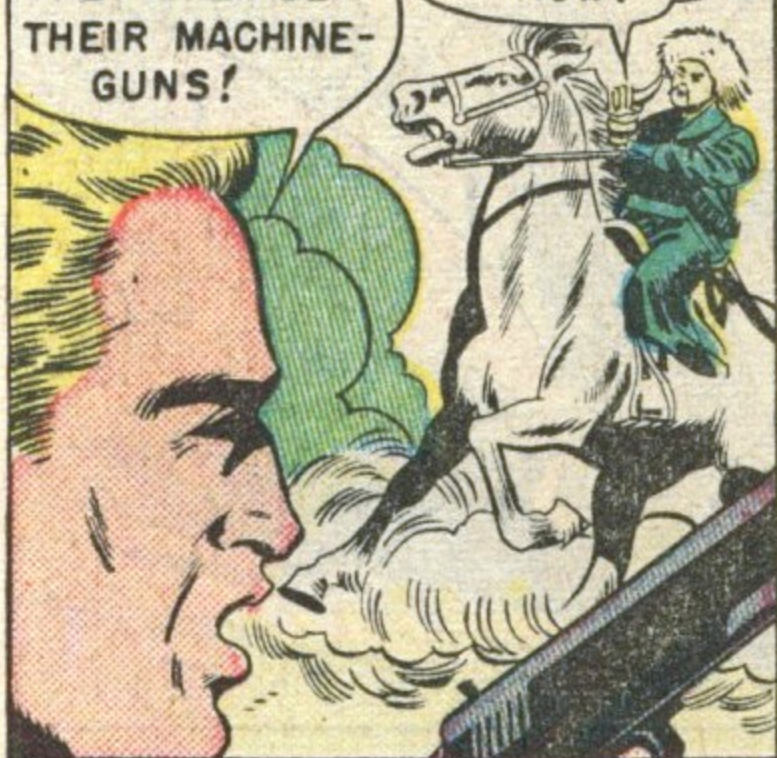
STEVE, DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE FIGHT LIKE THESE DEVILS DO?

GIVE THESE BABIES MODERN WEAPONS AND SHOW THEM HOW TO USE THEM--AND THEY'D CONQUER CHINA ALL BY THEMSELVES!



THE COMMIES ARE STARTING TO GET ORGANIZED, KWANG! IT'S NOT GOING TO BE HEALTHY HERE WHEN THEY UNLIMBER THEIR MACHINE-GUNS!

KWANG KNOWS THAT, FRIEND! WE FIGHT GUERILLA WAR -- HIT AND RUN! I SOUND THE RETREAT NOW!



A HARSH, COMMANDING BLAST FROM KWANG'S TRUMPET SOUNDS THE RETREAT! IN A WELL EXECUTED MANUEVER, THE TRIBESMEN WHIRL THEIR HORSES, SMASH THROUGH THE ENEMY TROOPS...



... TO FREEDOM...

THEY'VE OPENED UP ON US!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



ARE YOU NOW CONVINCED, AMERICAN-- THAT MY PEOPLE CAN INFLICT MUCH DAMAGE ON THE RED DOGS!

YOU BET, KWANG! WE LOST ABOUT SIX MEN AGAINST THEIR SIX OR SEVEN HUNDRED, TO SAY NOTHING OF SIX TANKS!



AYE! WE DO WHAT WE CAN, AND WAIT FOR THE DAY WHEN WE CAN STRIKE A REAL BLOW FOR FREEDOM!





AYE! THE DAY WILL SOON COME WHEN NO COMMUNIST SCUM WILL FOUL THE GOOD EARTH!

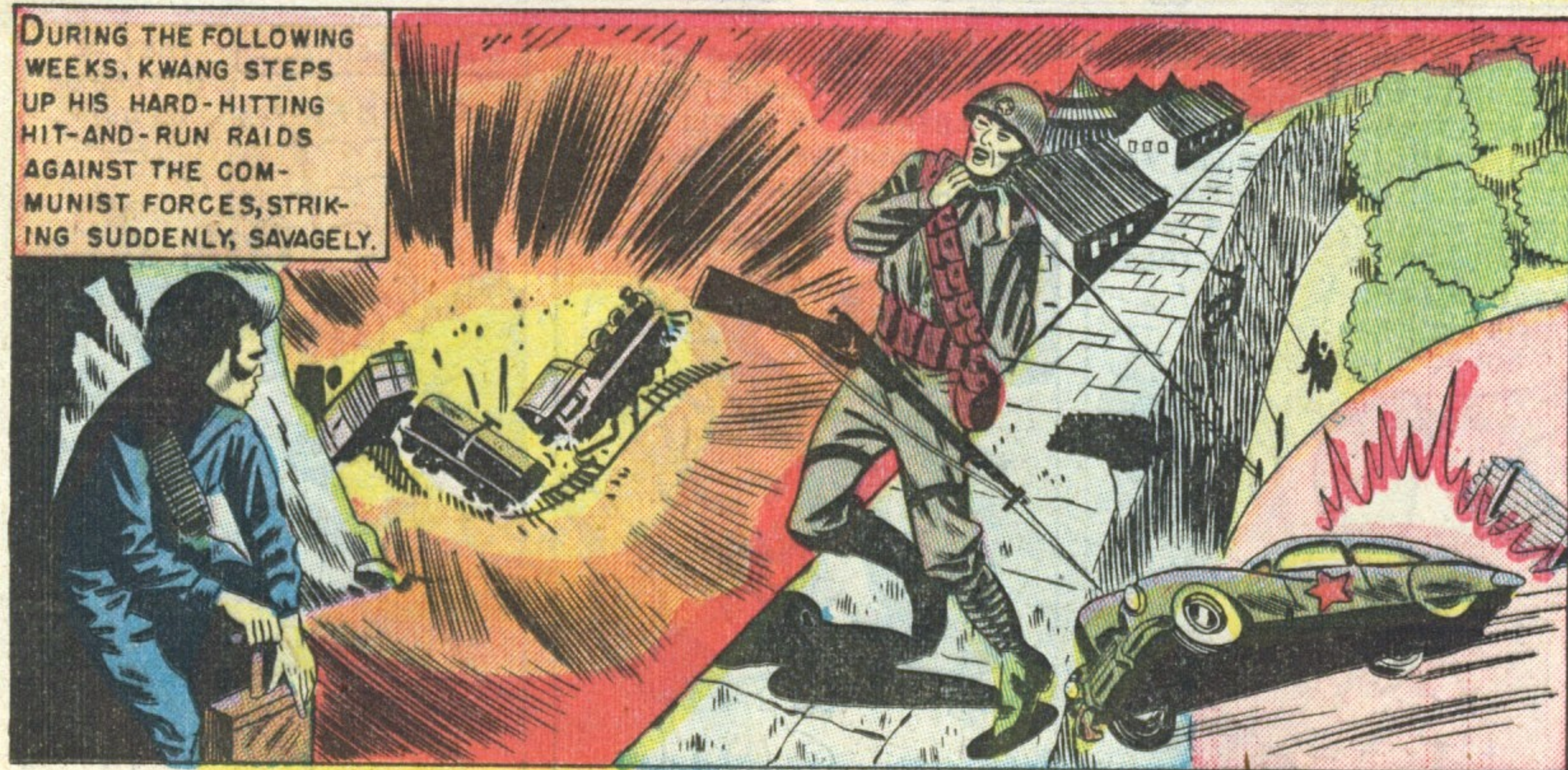
AMEN!



WELL, THERE'S SURE A LOT OF THEM BACK THERE THAT WON'T BE DOING THAT ANYMORE!

THAT'S RIGHT! OUR ATTACK COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED THEM! THEY'LL BE NO GOOD AS COMBAT TROOPS UNTIL THEY'VE BEEN COMPLETELY OVERHAULED. IT'LL TAKE WEEKS!

DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, KWANG STEPS UP HIS HARD-HITTING HIT-AND-RUN RAIDS AGAINST THE COMMUNIST FORCES, STRIKING SUDDENLY, SAVAGELY.



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND JAZZ LOGAN ARE BECOMING RESTLESS FOR THEIR OWN COMMAND! ONE NIGHT, KWANG RETURNS TO THE YURT WITH GOOD NEWS FOR THE PAIR---

I HAVE AT LAST FOUND A WAY TO RETURN YOU TO YOUR PEOPLE! TO THE NORTH IS THE BIG AIR-BASE OF THE RED DOGS! A RAID ON IT IS OVDERDUE. I...?

YOU MEAN.... KWANG, THAT'S THE BEST IDEA YET!



WHAT'RE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT?

WHERE THERE'S AN AIR-BASE, THERE'S ALSO PLANES! DURING THE CONFUSION OF KWANGS ATTACK, WE'LL SWIPE ONE, AND FLY BACK TO BASE IN STYLE!



BUT TO THE NORTH IS A STRONG CONCENTRATION OF ENEMY TROOPS, EAGER TO BATTLE THE HATED KWANG AND HIS RAIDERS! YES, TO THE NORTH LIES DANGER AND ---DEATH! READ IT IN CHAPTER THREE.

FLIGHT INTO DANGER!

CAPTAIN
STEVE
SAVAGE
AND HIS
NAVIGATOR,
JAZZ LOGAN,
SPEND THEIR
MOST
HAIR-RAISING
MOMENTS
ON A---
"FLIGHT
INTO
DANGER!"

THAT NIGHT, KWANG RETIRES TO HIS YURT ALONE ;
AT DAWN CALLS A WAR-CONFERENCE OF HIS TRIBAL
SUB-CHIEFS .

I, KWANG, HAVE DECIDED THE
WAY! HERE LIES THE AIRFIELD
OF THE NORTH ONES.

GO ON,
KWANG .

THE PRIZE NESTLES
SNUGLY IN THE VALLEY,
RINGED BY HILLS AND
FORTS! LIKE A WHEEL!
LISTEN TO ME, CHIEFS
OF KWANG! HERE IS
HOW THE CIRCLE OF
THE WHEEL CAN BE
BROKEN....

LATER, AS THE RAIDERS PREPARE FOR THE LONG MARCH.

KWANG REALLY KNOWS HIS ONIONS, EH, STEVE?

HE'S A BRILLIANT MILITARY STRATEGIST, LOGAN!



YEAH! I'D SURE HATE TO BE A COMMIE IN THESE PARTS!

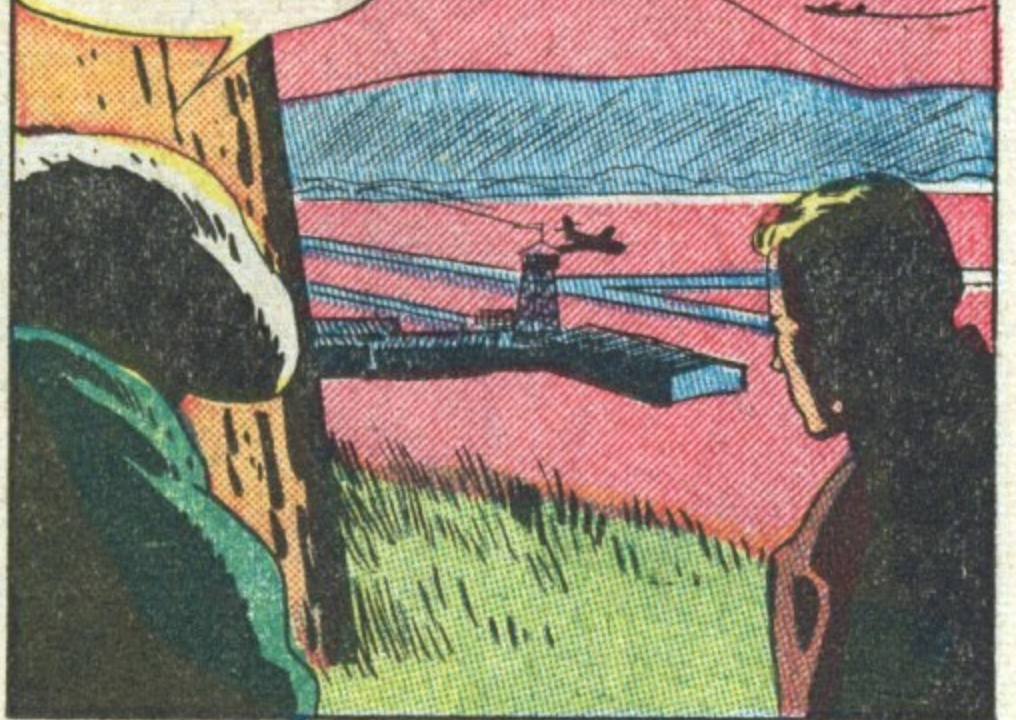
CAPTAIN! WE PREPARE TO MARCH. COME!



BY NIGHTFALL, KWANG'S RAIDERS REACH THE EDGE OF THE ENEMY AIRFIELD!

HU SHIE AND HIS MEN WILL BE APPROACHING THE ENEMY'S OUTPOST! HURRY, DO YOUR JOB-- AND WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL!

WE'RE READY!



GO THEN, AND MAY THE GODS BE WITH YOU!



MEANWHILE, A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM THE ENEMY'S MAIN OUTPOST, A GROUP OF KWANG'S RAIDERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF HU SHIE--

HE WHO WOULD APPROACH THE RABBIT'S LAIR MUST GO IN SILENCE---OR LOSE THE GAME. REMEMBER THESE WORDS OF WISDOM, OH, WARRIORS.

LET US GO! MY CORD IS GREEDY FOR THE SOFT THROAT OF AN ENEMY!



AND---



HO! WHO SKULKS THE SHADOWS OF --

FATHER OF A GOAT! WHAT MANNER OF -- TIS KWANG'S RAIDERS!



MEANWHILE, AT THE ROAD LEADING FROM THE AIRFIELD TO THE MAIN ENEMY OUTPOST, STEVE AND LOGAN ---

RAT-TAT-TAT!
POW-BANG! POW-ZING!

THAT MUST BE
HU SHIE'S MEN!
THEY'VE ATTACKED
THE OUTPOST!

YEAH!

THAT'S SURE GONNA
STIR UP A HORNET'S
NEST!

C'MON, LET'S FINISH THE
JOB BEFORE THE REDS
START USING THIS ROAD!

AND AT THE ENEMY TROOP BARRACKS!

COLONEL CHING! KWANG'S
BANDITS ARE RAIDING
OUTPOST ONE!

WHAT?

SOUND ALARM! TURN
TROOPS OUT!

BONG!

WHILE BACK AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD--

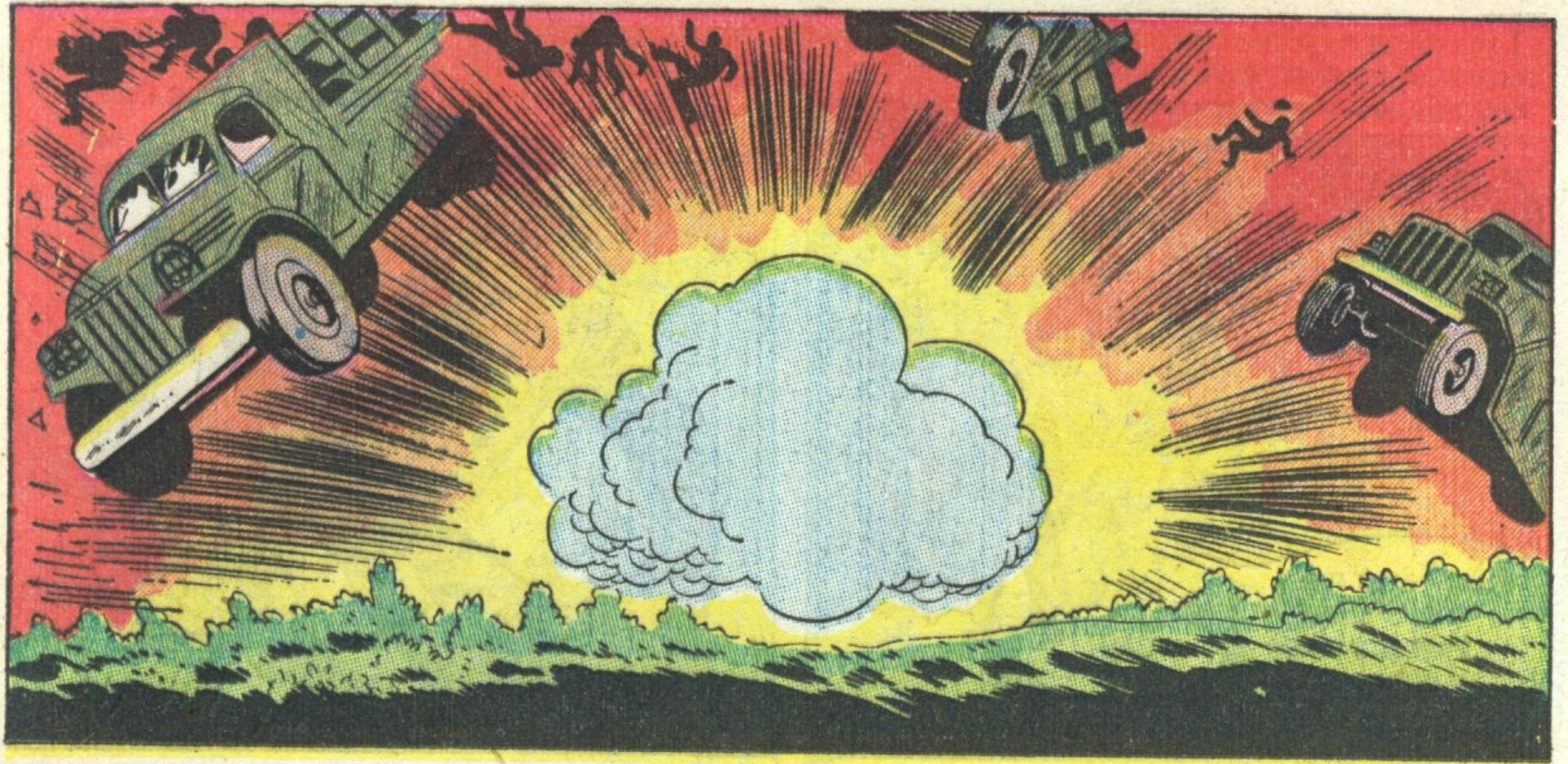
THE REDS
SHOULD
BE ROLLING
BY HERE
ANY MINUTE!

HERE THEY COME NOW!
HIT THE BRUSH AND
GET SET ON THAT
BATTERY-BOX!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TROOP-TRUCKS ROLL ALONG
THE STRETCH OF ROAD WHERE---

HOW MUCH LONGER,
STEVE?

I'LL COUNT OFF!
NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN,
SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE,
TWO, ONE--ZERO. GO!



THE BLOWING UP OF THE ROAD ACTS AS A SIGNAL TO KWANG'S MAIN FORCE! KWANG MOTIONS TO FOUR TEAMS PICKED FOR A SPECIAL JOB OF DESTRUCTION...

EIYAHHHHHHHH!

Two men are riding horses towards the viewer. The man on the left is wearing a purple robe and holding a bottle. The man on the right is wearing a blue robe. A third person in a green robe is running away from them in the background.

'TIS THE RAIDERS OF KWANG!

EIIYYAAAAAAA!

HO! SEE THE OFFSPRING OF CAMEL SCATTER!

A large, dark building is on fire, with thick black smoke rising from it. Several people are running away from the building in the background.

AS THE ENEMY TROOPS SCATTER, KWANG'S MEN FLING THEIR BOTTLES FILLED WITH HIGH OCTANE GAS, AND...

POUFF

POUFF

EIIYYAAAAAAA!

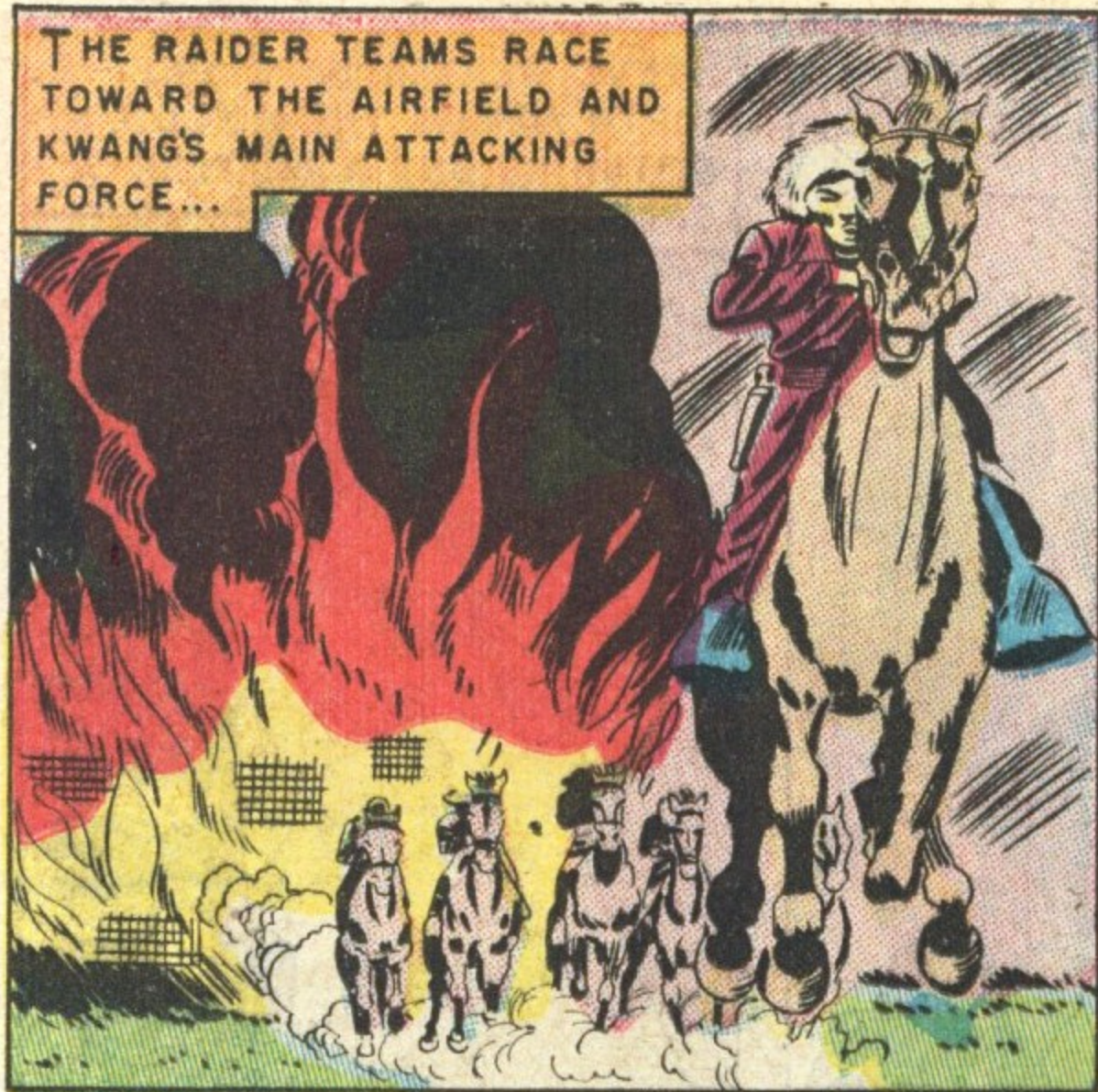
A man in a purple robe is riding a horse and throwing a bottle at a large building that is on fire. The building is emitting thick black smoke and bright orange flames. The sound effect 'POUFF' is written twice near the bottle.

HO, TRAITORS TO THY ANCESTORS! CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES LIKE A SPITTED PIG...DIE, COMMUNIST DOGS!

POUFF

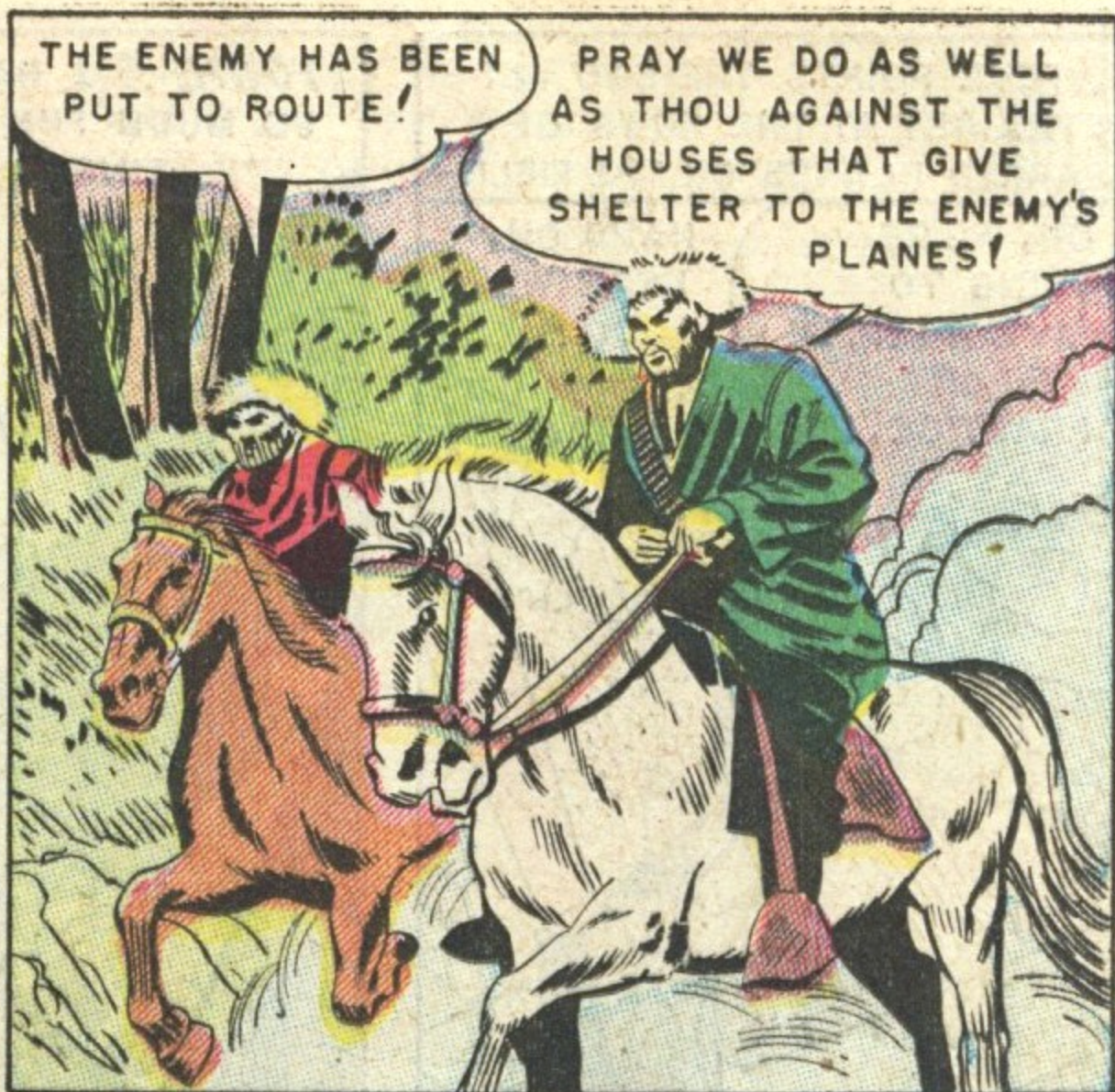
A man in a purple robe is riding a horse and shouting at a large building that is on fire. The building is emitting thick black smoke and bright orange flames. The sound effect 'POUFF' is written near the building.

THE RAIDER TEAMS RACE TOWARD THE AIRFIELD AND KWANG'S MAIN ATTACKING FORCE...



THE ENEMY HAS BEEN PUT TO ROUTE!

PRAY WE DO AS WELL AS THOU AGAINST THE HOUSES THAT GIVE SHELTER TO THE ENEMY'S PLANES!



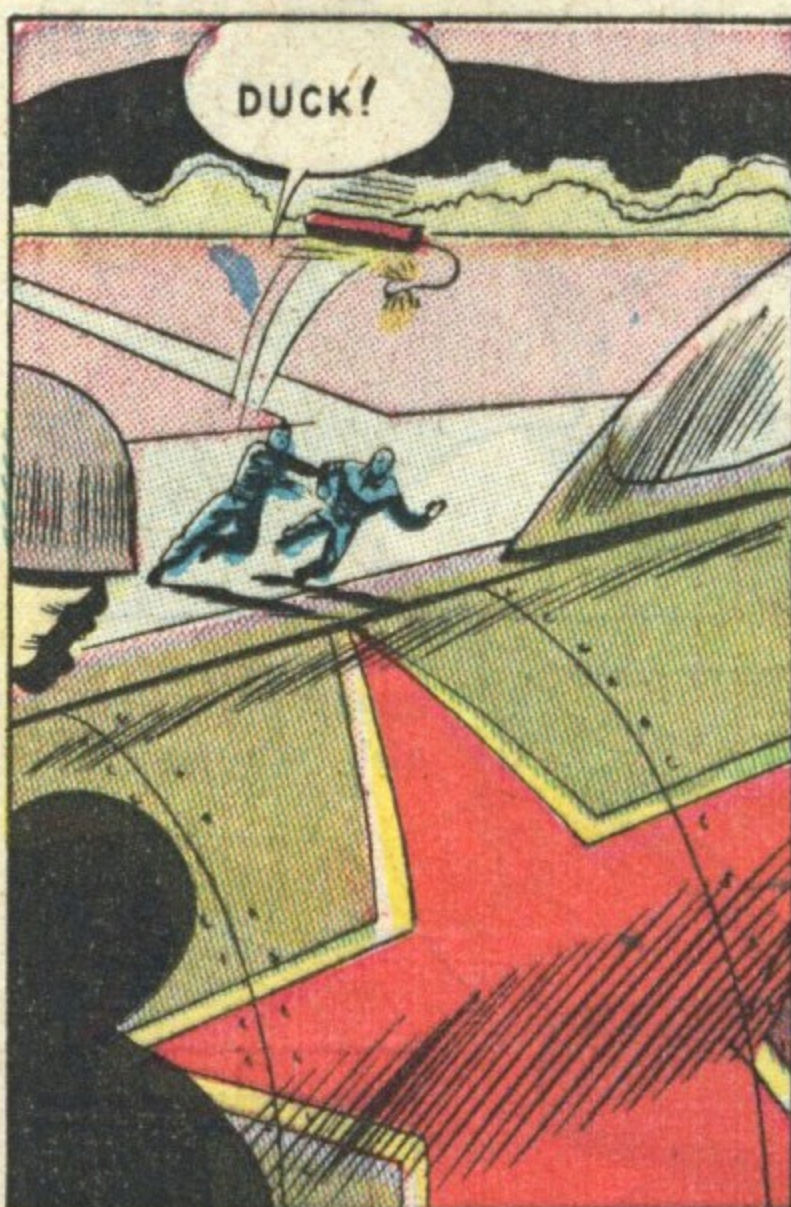
MEANWHILE, APPROACHING THE AIRFIELD RUNWAYS FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE, STEVE AND LOGAN SPOT...

I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!

LOOK, STEVE... TWO SOLDIERS AND A GREASE-MONKEY!



DUCK!



NOW, HEAD FOR THAT NEAREST COMMIE JET!



HEY, WHERE DO I FIT INTO THIS DEAL? THAT COCKPIT WAS MADE TO CARRY ONLY ONE!

MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE ON THE SUBWAY DURING THE RUSH-HOUR!



AND A MOMENT LATER... WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

TO FARAWAY PLACES, BUT FIRST...WE'VE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS!



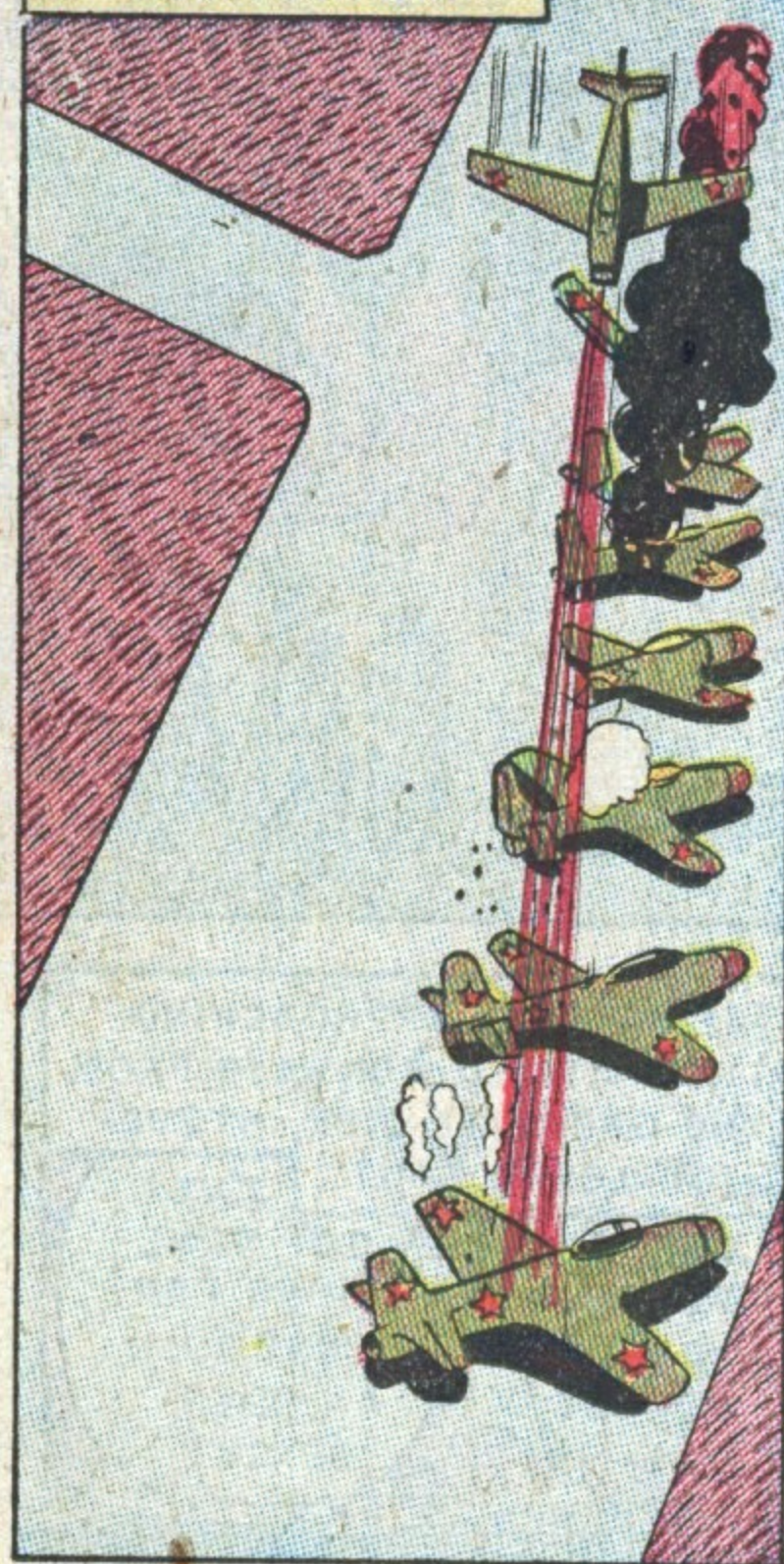
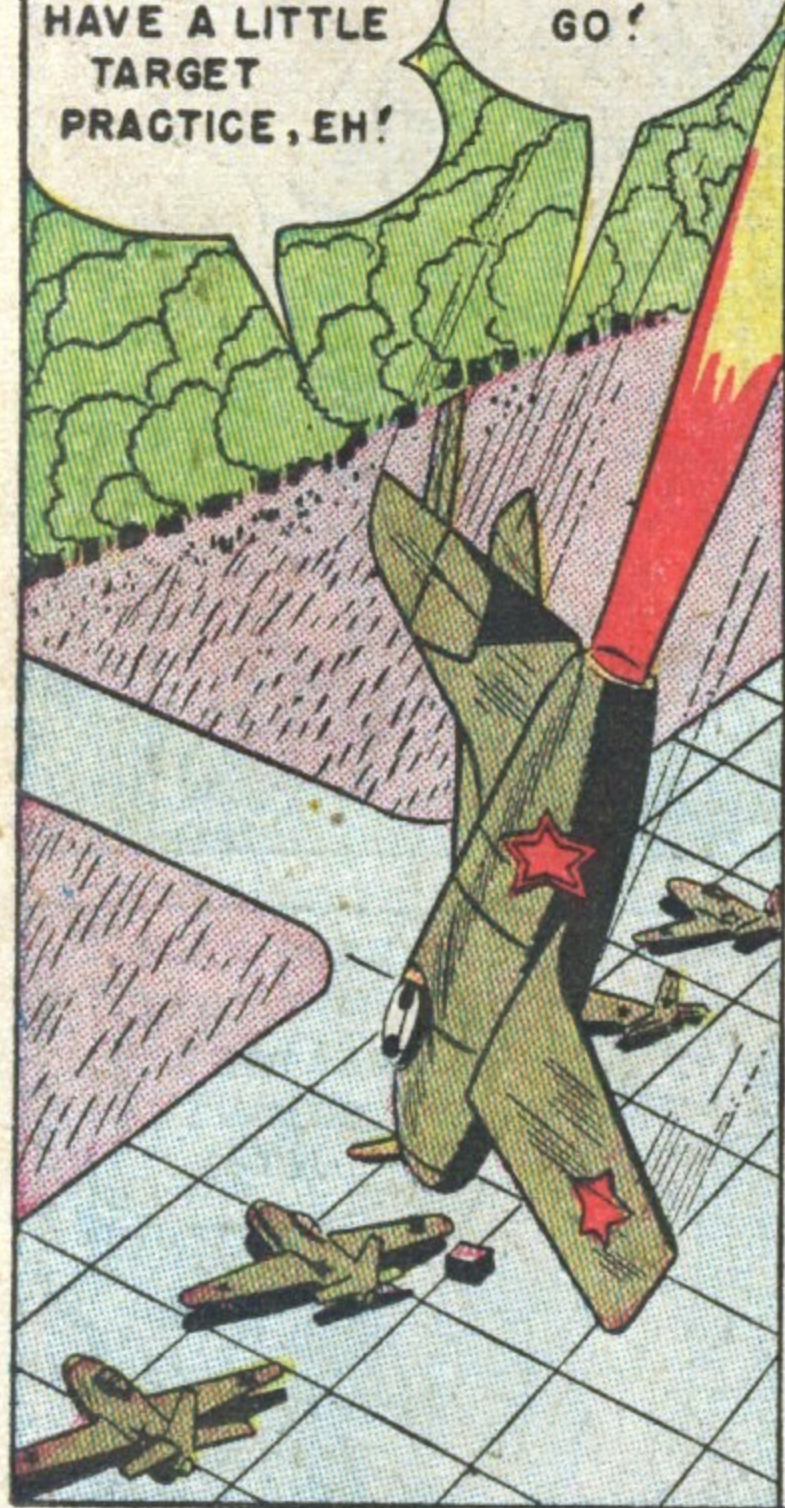
STEVE POINTS THE RED JET
STRAIGHT AT THE ROWS OF
PARKED PLANES ON THE FIELD--

OH, WE'RE
GOING TO
HAVE A LITTLE
TARGET
PRACTICE, EH?

HANG ON,
HERE WE
GO!

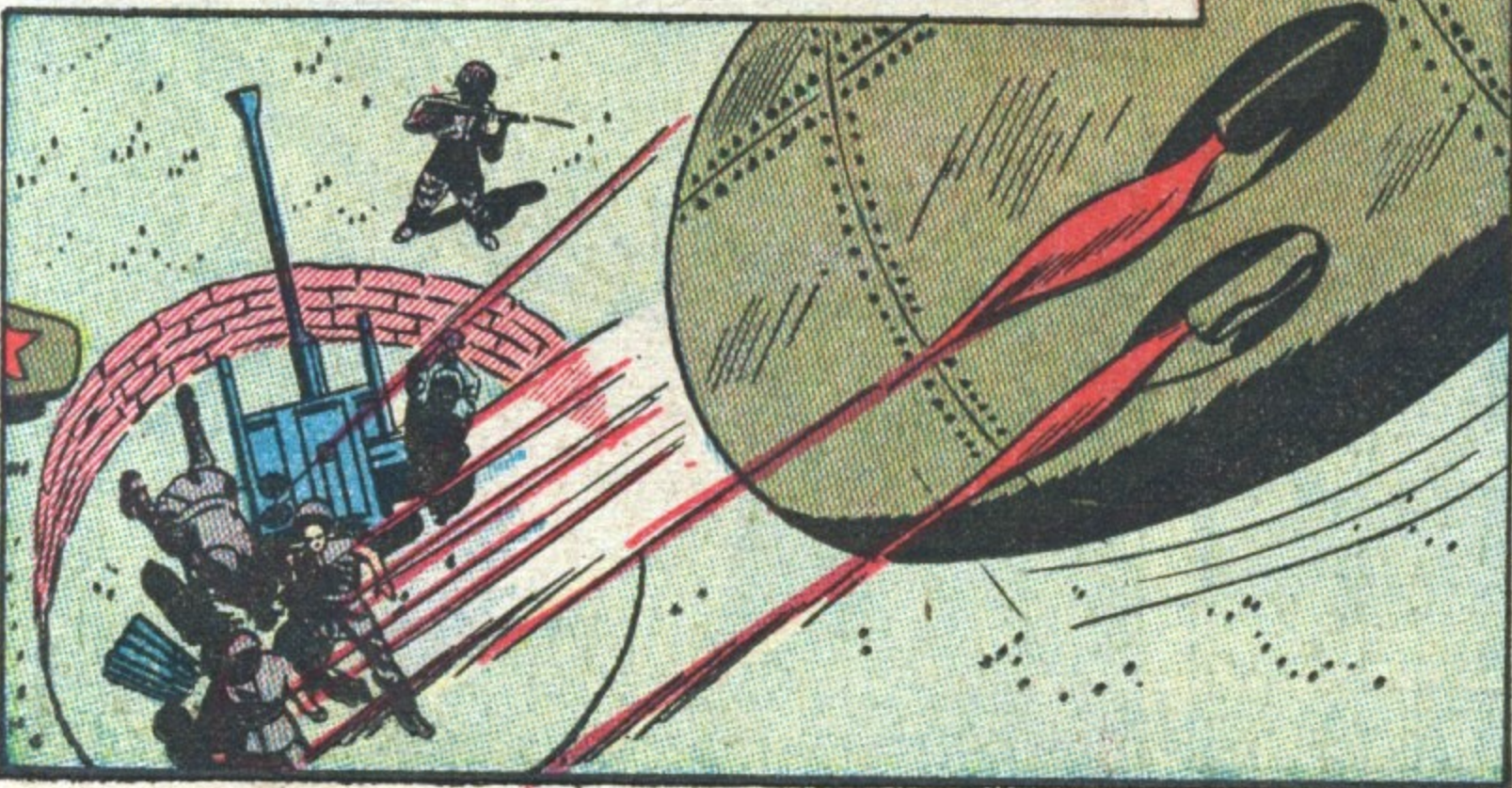
YOWIE! I HAVEN'T HAD
SO MUCH FUN IN A LONG
TIME!

STEVE WEAVES BACK AND
FORTH ACROSS THE FIELD...
STITCHING OUT A PATTERN
OF DESTRUCTION---



PUT THY BACKS IN
IT! TIS THE ENEMY
WE WISH TO DESTROY!
I--?

CAPITAN! THEY
ARE BEHIND US!



BOY, WE
REALLY
CLEANED
THINGS
UP!

WE'LL HIT FOR
KWANG'S CAMP
NOW, BUT FIRST--
WE'LL SEE IF
HIS BOYS NEED
ANY HELP!



STEVE
FLYS LOW,
CIRCLES
KWANG AND
HIS RAIDERS
WHO HAVE
STARTED TO
MOVE BACK!

HE'S WAVING FOR
US TO GO ON---



WOW! THEY REALLY MESSED THIS
PLACE UP! THE COMMIES'LL REMEMBER
THIS DAY FOR THE REST OF THEIR
LIVES!



WITHIN AN HOUR, STEVE AND
LOGAN ARE BACK AT KWANG'S
CAMP! TWO DAYS GO BY BEFORE
KWANG AND HIS RAIDERS ARRIVE,
AND THEN--

EVERYTHING
WENT WELL,
KWANG?

AYE! BUT
NOW I AM SAD,
BECAUSE I
LOSE YOU.



WE'LL BE BACK SOMEDAY,
KWANG. AND WHEN MY PEOPLE
PARACHUTE YOU THE NEW
WEAPONS I HAVE PROMISED,
I'LL BE ALONE!



THIS CAMP OF STICKS IS---
HUMBLE--- AND NOT FIT TO
HONOR A FRIEND IN, BUT
WHEN THE RED CLOUD
HAS PASSED AND THERE
IS PEACE ONCE MORE....



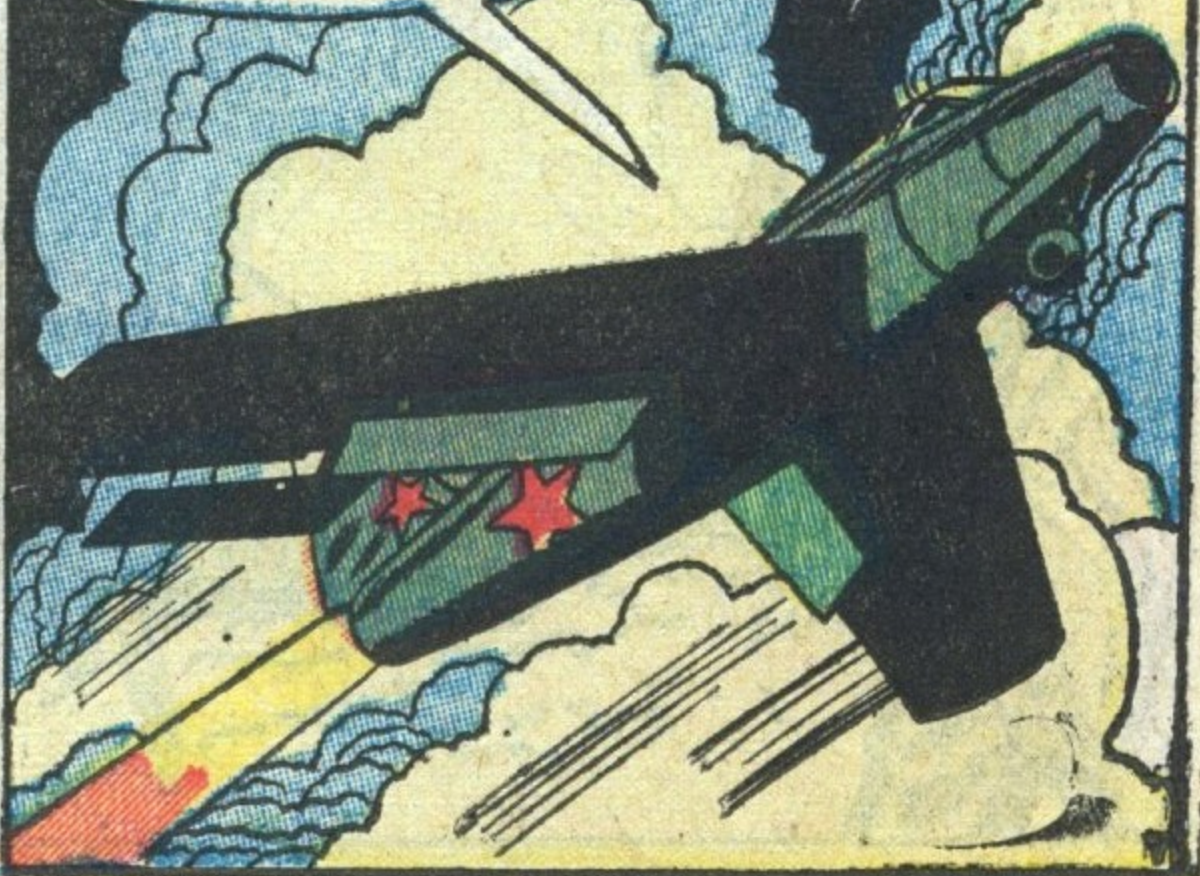
I WILL
COME TO
YOU!

YES, YOU WILL COME TO MY
CITY-- WHERE MY PEOPLE
CAN RECEIVE YOU IN JOY--
GOODBYE, FRIEND.



AND A MOMENT LATER---
WE'RE LEAVING THE
GREATEST, MOST
COURAGEOUS FIGHTER
I'VE EVER KNOWN...!

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN--
STEVE!



HOURS LATER, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND LOGAN ZOOM OVER THEIR OWN BASE, THEN...

I-? HEY, THE BOYS ARE COMING UP TO MEET US!

WE'RE FLYING AN ENEMY JET, REMEMBER! GET ON THE RADIO, LOGAN. TRY TO CONTACT THE OPERATIONS TOWER!



SOON AS I CAN FIGURE OUT THESE GADGETS. I--WHA--?



I FORGOT HOW FAST THEM NEW FIGHTERS OF OURS CAN MANUEVER!

HANG ON, LOGAN, I'M GOING TO CRASH-LAND THIS CRATE!



STEVE TAKES THE ENEMY JET IN ON ITS NOSE, AND...

WOW! THAT WAS ROUGH!

SHE'LL BE A BALL OF FIRE IN SECONDS! UNJAM YOURSELF, LOGAN--AND MOVE!



STEVE---AND LOGAN! GOOD GRAVY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN THAT CRATE--AND WHERE THE DEVIL HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?

THAT'S A TALE FOR THE BOOKS, JIM--AND ONE THAT'S GOT TO HAVE SOME TIME FOR THE TELLING!

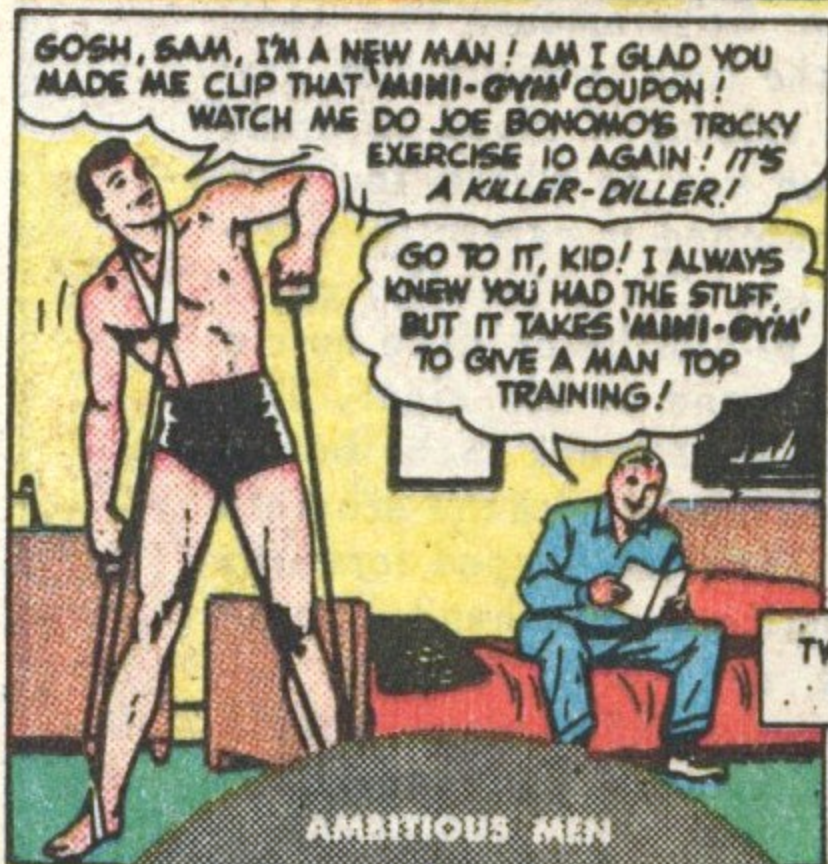


BOY, THIS'LL BE A NIGHT! WE'LL THROW A WING-DING! AND WE WERE GETTING READY TO GO INTO MOURNING!

WELL, IF YOU'VE STILL GOT THE BLACK CREPE, SAVE IT! THERE'S A CERTAIN RED DIVISION--AND AN AIR-FIELD BACK UP NORTH--THAT I'D LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE IT TO! THEY NEED IT!



HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO



AMBITIOUS MEN
OF ALL AGES!
TO GET WHAT YOU WANT
OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH
JOE BONOMO'S
MAGIC DE-LUXE
'MINI-GYM'!
Formerly \$4.95 — Our special Price Only
3.95
complete

Packs All The Punch Of A Big, Expensive Gym Rowing Machine, Wall Exerciser, Tension Pulls!

Man alive, you haven't lived 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's beat-all, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with Joe's big, new personal instruction and 'MINI-GYM,' you'll eat it up! Feel and act like a kid again, and love it!

Helps Get You Into A-1 Shape — FAST!

You bet, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into 'the kind of real "he man" bosses want most, and gals find irresistible! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an all-round, all-over body conditioner—meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU!



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JOE BONOMO!

World-famous, professional strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! (Yes, and woman, too!) And he's put all his first-hand knowledge into the design of this terrific, new exerciser! So in 'MINI-GYM' you've got everything it takes for genuine, professional body-building!



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1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

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Order Your 'MINI-GYM' by MODEL 5, Meor L.

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☐ if you are under 5 ft. tall

MODEL 2M
☐ if you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

MODEL 2L
☐ if you are over 5 ft. 10 in. tall.

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I enclose \$3.95. You pay postage. Same moneyback guarantee. (Canadian and Foreign Orders, \$4.95, Cash with orders.)

HUNDRED-PROOF TANK TRAP

It was during the first disastrous weeks of the Korean war. Joe Bleak and Tom Sloan, reporters attached to the U.S. Commission in South Korea, were sitting in a small abandoned farmer's hut outside of Taejon. The shattered South Korean Army had finished straggling past—what there was of it that had not surrendered or fled to the hills after the Northern onslaught had taken Seoul. The other Americans had passed long ago, but this jeep had broken down and their driver was working on it frantically outside in the road.

It looked bad. The Red forces were still pouring on down towards what looked like a quick victory. The Rhee government had gone to Pusan where the U.S. forces from Japan were landing to build up a defense base. The natives of this tiny hamlet had cleared out already. If their jeep wasn't fixed soon, it was going to be real bad.

"How long we gotta wait?" Joe went outside and yelled to their driver. The mechanic looked up from where he had been bent over the hood. He wiped a bit of grease from his hands on his dirty overalls and said, "Give me another fifteen minutes and we'll get off." Just then, they both stopped and listened.

There had been silence in the neighborhood since the last ROK trucks and refugee carts had passed a half hour ago. Now they heard a new noise, a rumbling down the road. "Tanks!" the driver shouted. "North Korean tanks!"

Joe scowled. He shouted to the mechanic to keep on working at the jeep engine, maybe they could figure something out. He went inside. "Where's that bottle of booze you been saving." Tom Sloan dug into his kit and pulled out the bottle. "What you gonna do?"

"I got an idea we can stop the first tank that comes in. If we can knock that out, the rest will wait, figuring the village is defended." Joe opened the bottle of high proof rotgut whiskey, tore up some cloth and wadded it into the neck of the bottle, first soaking it in the liquor. Into this wadding he stuck a couple of matches, heads up. Then he reached into his pocket and took out a cigar, which he stuck into his mouth. "For gosh sake," Tom said. "You goin' to a picnic?"

Joe smiled, took the bottle and went out. He walked down the road and around the bend that lead into the village. From there he could see a cloud

of dust that was the advance enemy tank approaching. He stepped behind some bushes by the roadside and waited, puffing on his cigar. In a few more minutes, he could see the tank clearly, far in advance of its comrades.

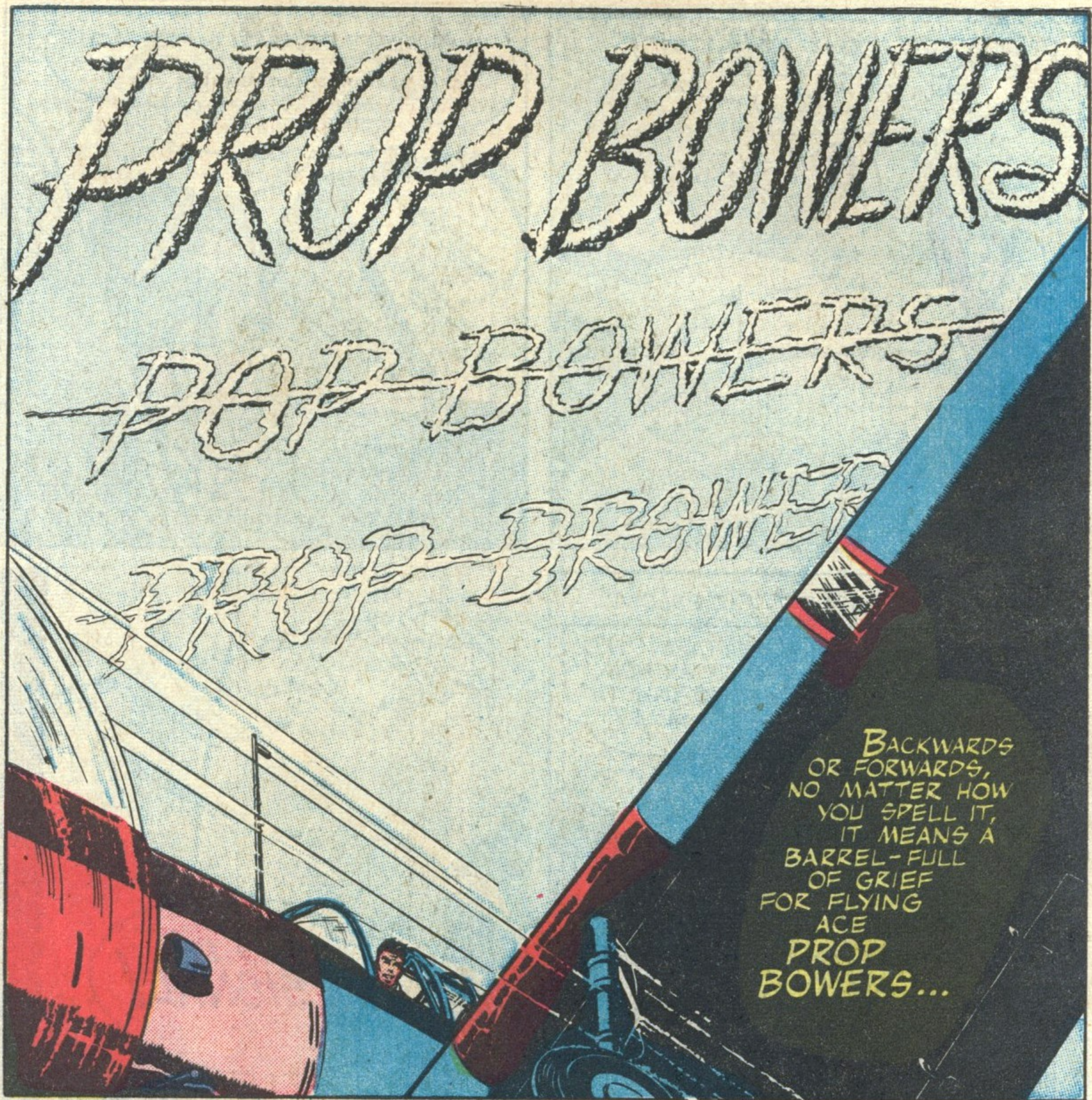
It rumbled closer and closer. Joe could see the ugly snout of its rapid-fire gun swinging slowly back and forth from its turret. He could see the Korean characters and numbers painted in white along its side. And finally he could see the red star in the white circle that was the emblem of the North Korean Government. The tank rolled down the road towards him, its metal treads raising a cloud of dust.

It was close now to where Joe was hidden. He watched it carefully, puffing on his cigar. Then finally, as it came abreast of him, he held the bottle to the glowing end of his cigar. The matches which were stuck in the bottle neck flared on contact with the stogie's burning end. Then Joe leaped forward, swung the bottle in his hand like he was bowling and threw it right between the treads and cogged wheels that turned them. He had gauged it exactly.

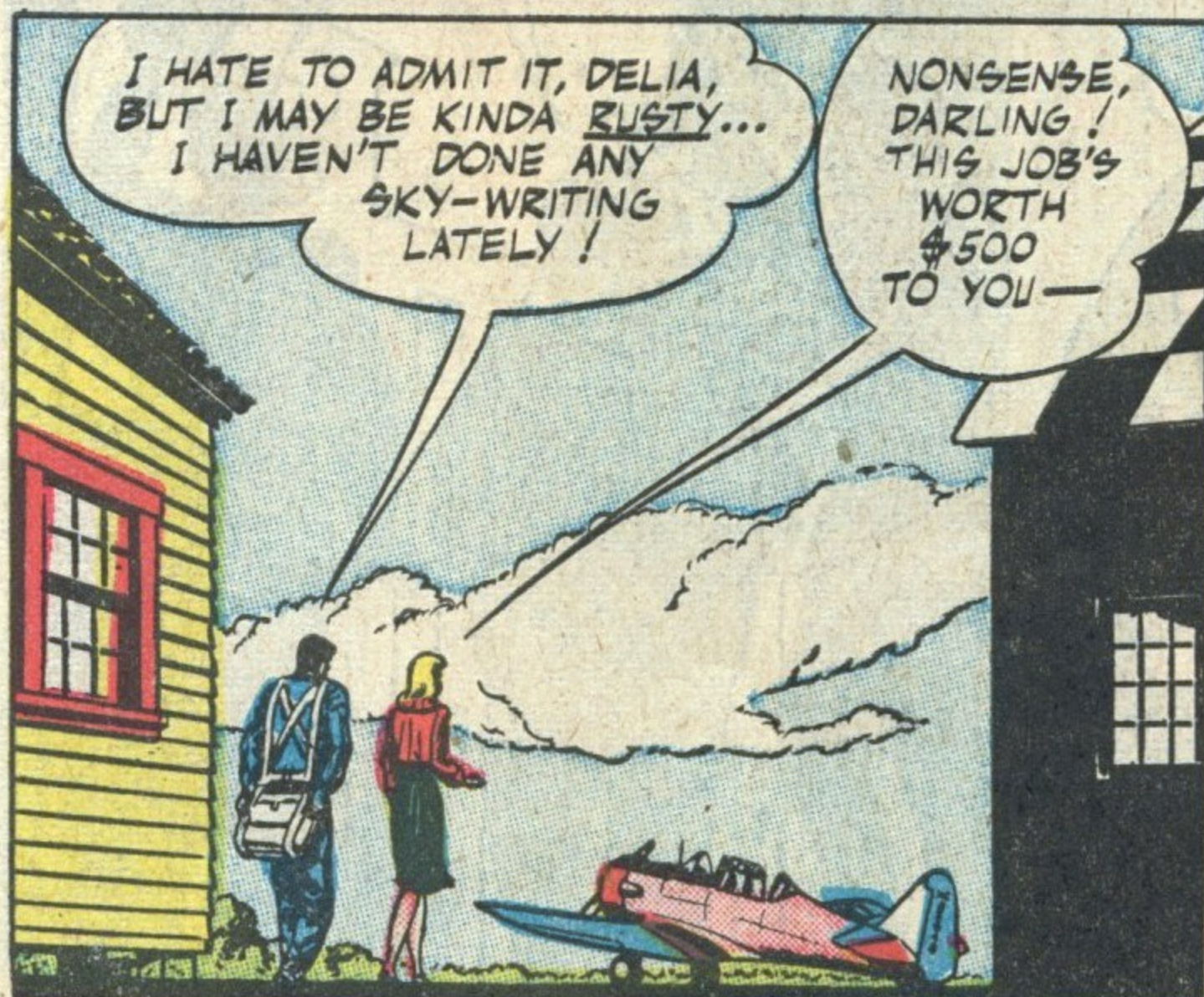
The matches had ignited the wadding and that in turn touched off the highly inflammable alcohol content of the cheap strong whiskey. The bottle exploded in a shower of blue, blazing liquid. This spattered all over the oily underside and axles of the tank, which immediately flared up like a bonfire. Joe jumped away in time, though his clothes were scorched. The men in the tank never had a chance. There was a couple of wild shrieks from inside the machine, the tank turned half around on one of its treads, and then blew up.

Joe ran back to where the jeep was parked. The driver had just slammed down the hood. "All set," he yelled. They piled in, the engine coughed, started. They were off. Behind them there was silence as the oncoming Red column stopped, while its men were hastily digging in for the expected fight in the village.

"What'd you do?" asked Sloan, as they sped down the road towards Taejon. "Oh, nuthin' much. Just a little trick I picked up while I was in the O.S.S. with the French underground a few years ago," said Joe. "But, heck, I went and forgot to hang on to that cigar. Why it was only half smoked..."



BACKWARDS
OR FORWARDS,
NO MATTER HOW
YOU SPELL IT,
IT MEANS A
BARREL-FULL
OF GRIEF
FOR FLYING
ACE
PROP
BOWERS...



I HATE TO ADMIT IT, DELIA,
BUT I MAY BE KINDA RUSTY...
I HAVEN'T DONE ANY
SKY-WRITING
LATELY!

NONSENSE,
DARLING!
THIS JOB'S
WORTH
\$500
TO YOU—



—SO GO
UP AND
WRITE TEB-
TAB ALL
OVER THE
SKY!

WHEE! MY
HEAD'S IN THE
CLOUDS RIGHT
NOW... I'M
TAKING
OFF!





PROP COMES IN FOR A LANDING... AND...

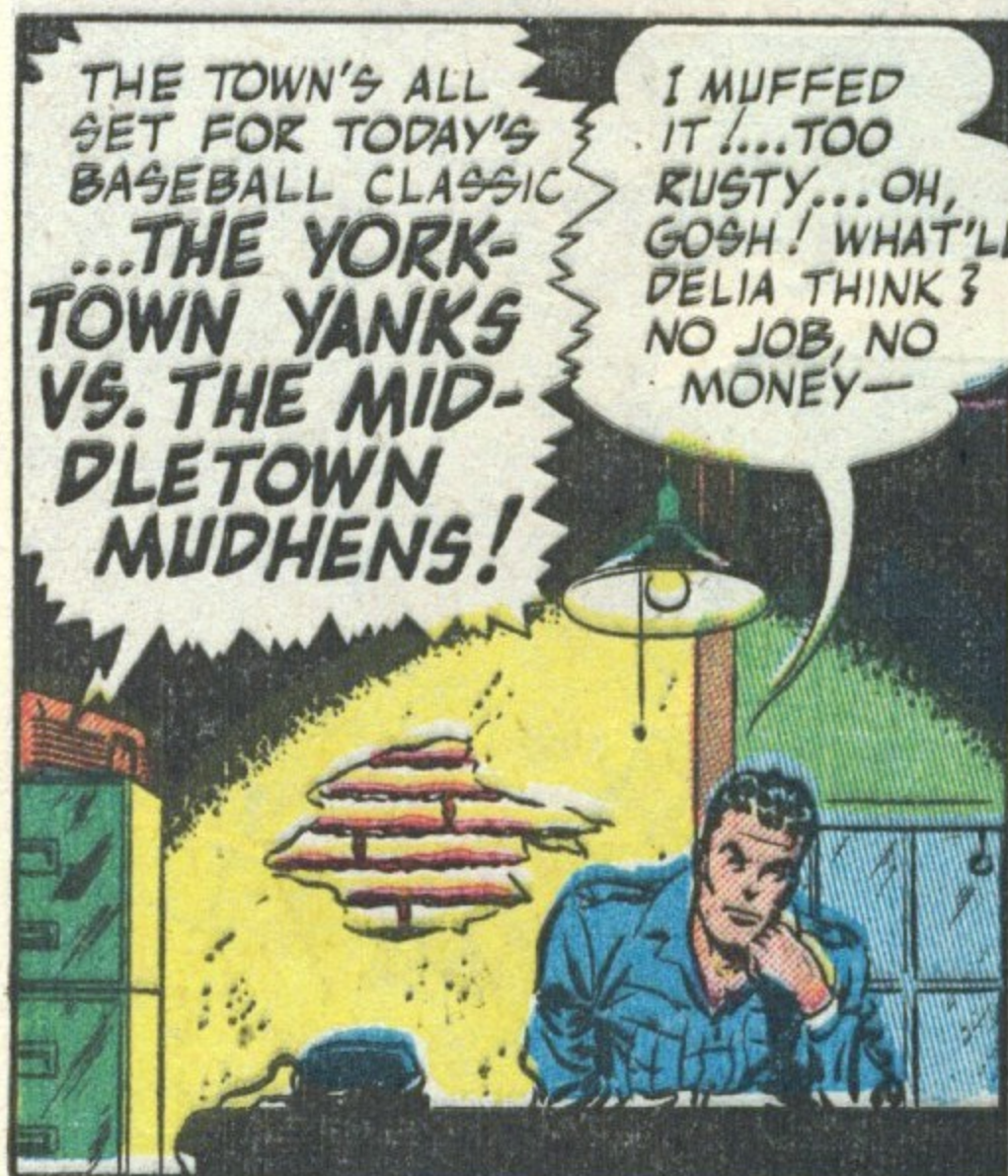
YOU... YOU... **FIEND!** I HIRED YOU TO WRITE **TEB-TAB**... SIX SIMPLE LETTERS! I'M RUINED... A LAUGHING STOCK! MY BEAUTIFUL NON-SHRINKABLE, NON-STAINING, NON-WILTING **SHIRTS...OOOOOH!**

BUT, MR. WEEVIL—



IF YOU'LL JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN—

YOU CAN WHISTLE FOR YOUR MONEY, YOU... YOU **WRONG-WAY WILLIE!**



THE TOWN'S ALL SET FOR TODAY'S BASEBALL CLASSIC...**THE YORK-TOWN YANKS VS. THE MIDDLETOWN MUDHENS!**

I MUFFED IT!...TOO RUSTY...OH, GOSH! WHAT'LL DELIA THINK? NO JOB, NO MONEY—



—BUT PLENTY OF VISITORS!



I DUNNO WHO Y'ARE, KID... BUT, WELCOME TO DA MOB!

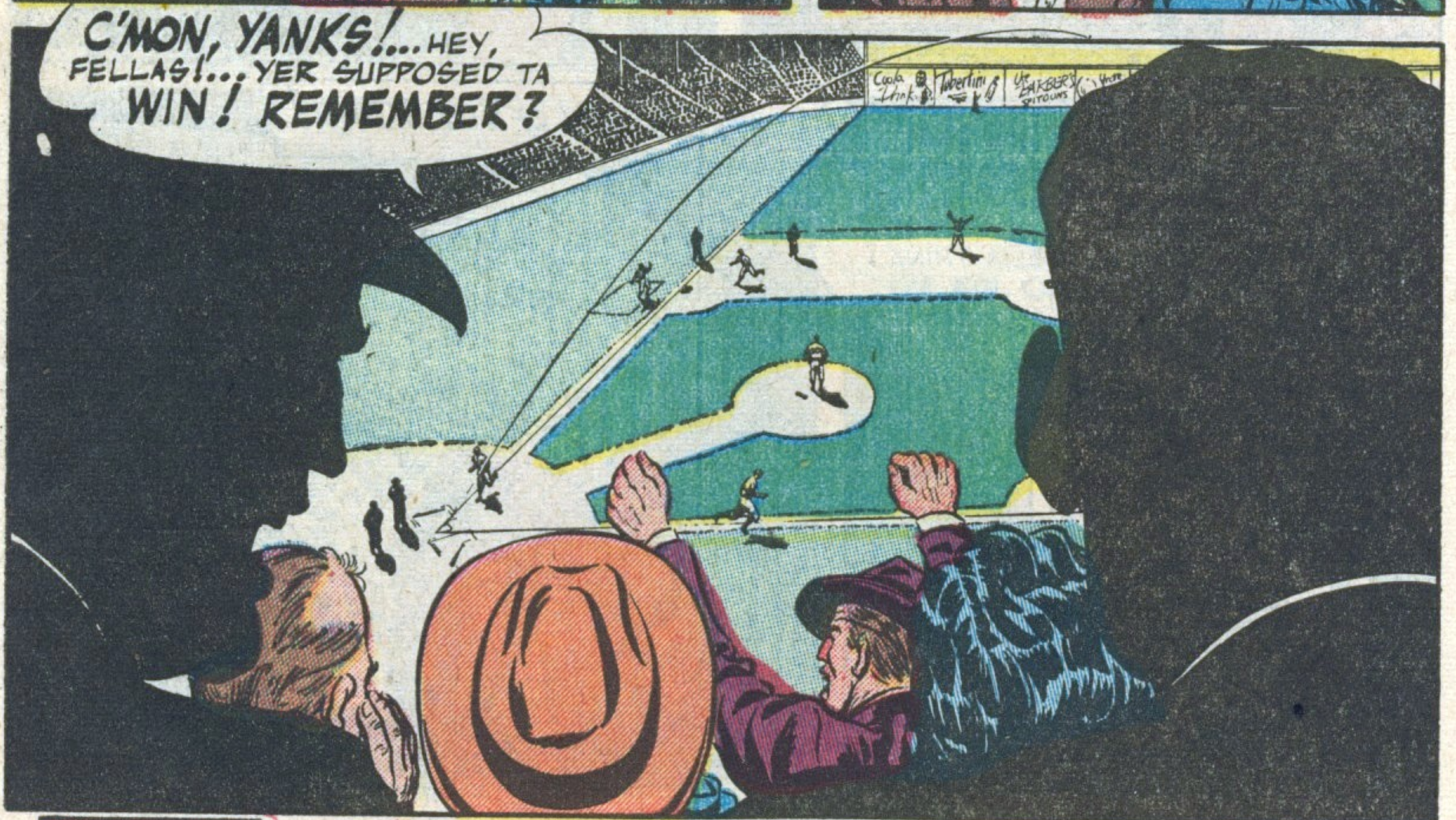
YEAH! WHATTA STUNT!...**BET-BAT!**...WRITES IT ALL OVER DA SKY!

???



HERE'S A COUPLA THOUSAND ADVANCE!...THAT WUZ A SLICK WAY OF TELLIN' US DA MUDHENS'RE FIXED TA LOSE DA GAME!

BUT I DON'T... **WHAT?!**



FINAL SCORE!

OFFICIAL SCORE BOARD
YORKTOWN, NEW YORK

STRIKES **2** BALLS **0** OUTS **2**

SCORE BY INNINGS

TEAMS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	R	H	E
MIDDLETOWN	4	1	2	1	3	5	4	2	4				26	31	0
YORKTOWN	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1				1	2	5







THE VICTORY DECOY

It was on a small island in the South Pacific. We had just taken the place. By we, I mean the company of combat engineers I was with. Mostly boys from New York City. Blackie, my buddy, was sitting down on a fallen hunk of masonry looking at a big Japanese inscription set on a massive slab by the side of the big concrete fortifications. It had been pretty formidable once, but now it was just a sad pile of junk.

They had not thought the island was inhabited when they landed our men there to set up an emergency air base and radio center. We were shoving through the jungle when we got plastered by some heavy Jap fire. We soon found out that there was a secret Jap radio station there. When we caught sight of what we were up against it looked kind of serious. The Japs had been building a concrete emplacement set against a natural formation of up-thrust rocks. They had dug themselves in right well and with a couple of artillery pieces, were in a position to block us for months.

Now we did have one fortunate thing. We had a guy with us who could speak and read Japanese. I don't know how he came to be with us, since they didn't expect we'd meet any Nips, but he was—a little, studious guy with glasses. This fellow and our captain went into a huddle after we'd dug in a series of foxholes in the trees just outside of the sight of the Jap fort. We didn't have any artillery or flame-throwers with us, not expecting this kind of trouble.

The interpreter and the captain worked out a plan. We had a lot of radio equipment with us. They set up a series of loud-speaker arrangements all around that Jap base, in the deep woods on all sides. Then they tuned in on their receiver until they picked up a certain station in Australia. About that time, that station usually put on a lot of military music. They got a full-piece Army brass band on the radio, then started to broadcast it

to the Japs at full power from all sides. The captain and the interpreter kept shouting all sort of things into the mikes. To the Japs it must have sounded like the woods were full of big parades, marching men, and what-not. It must have been real crazy. The interpreter was yelling away in Jap.

I gather what they were doing was claiming that the Japanese had won their big victory. The interpreter was hollering about how they had just captured Washington and how the Emperor was riding down Pennsylvania Avenue on a white horse. After a little of this, we could see the Japs sticking their heads out from behind their gun emplacements. Then, in a little while, bunches of them were standing around outside looking puzzled and a little hopeful. Then, apparently the idea suddenly caught on, and they started a regular holiday.

The whole garrison came pouring out of the fortifications without their guns, threw their hats into the air and were dancing around. We waited until the celebration was getting real wild—then gave it to them. Our rifles and rapid-fires blasted away; our men threw dynamite sticks and grenades into them and we charged, yelling.

It was all over before you knew it. They hardly fired a shot. Those that didn't surrender, got killed while they were standing there with their mouths open, gaping.

So here was Blackie and I sitting by the side of the big inscription. It read, according to what the interpreter had written down for us: DEDICATED BY HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF FUTURE TRIUMPH OF THE ETERNAL JAPANESE WORLD EMPIRE.

What blackie wrote on a signboard and hung over that Jap slab was a simple sign: AFTER SLIGHT ALTERATIONS, THIS HEAP OF JUNK IS DEDICATED TO THE EBBETS FIELD AND THE BROOKLYN DODGERS.

TERRIFIC BARGAINS

**Take your pick...
Try at our risk!**

Select any of these terrific bargains and write in coupon. Send no money now! Pay low price shown plus a few cents postage and tax when delivered.

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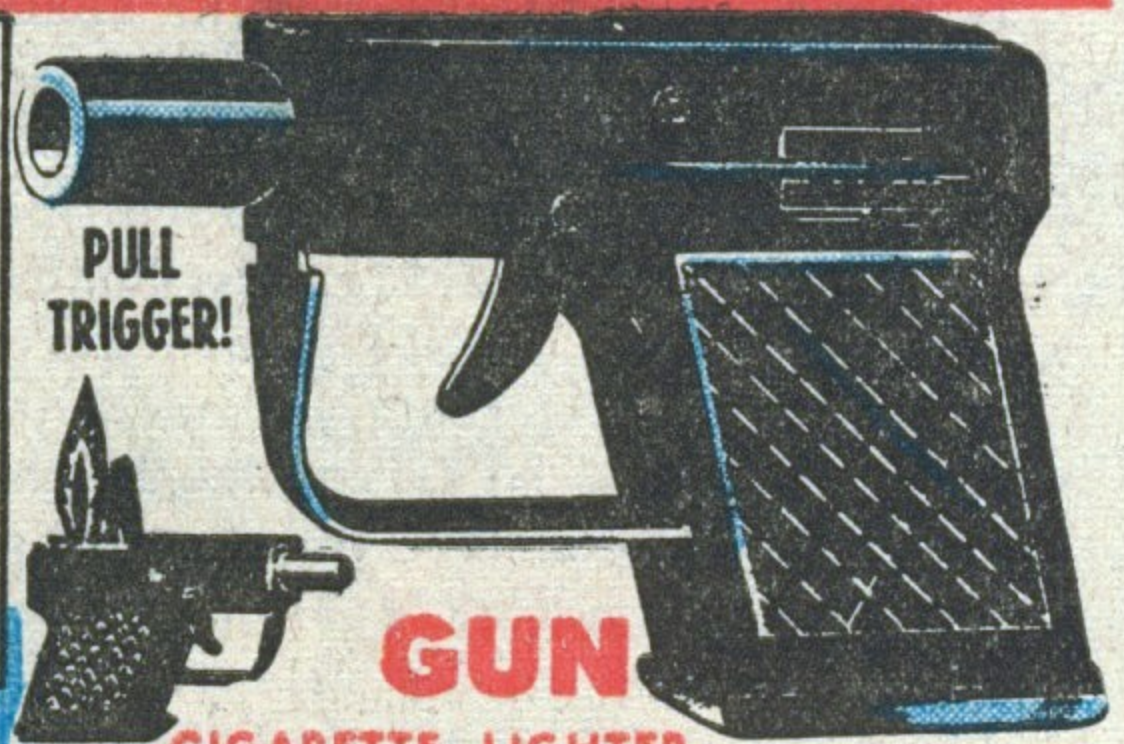
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Super-special quality! Positively amazing! Really massive and MANLY! Rich 14 Karat GOLD PLATED. Big Pseudo DIAMOND in center flanked by two others. It's the champ of rings. **4.19** at a bargain low price.



PULL TRIGGER!

GUN

CIGARETTE LIGHTER

Pull the trigger, and BANG!—your cigarette is lit! Perfect replica of a deathly pistol. Looks so real it sure scares them! Rugged METAL construction, enduring CHROME finish. Fully AUTOMATIC—a sure fire lighter, made to give years of thrilling satisfaction. Our special REDUCED price to you, only **1.98**



4.95

6.98

7.98

Smart SWISS Watch
A sturdy, accurate, handsome watch for men and boys. Central sweep second hand. Luminous numbers. Unbreakable crystal. A real bargain. **4.95**

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Dainty, petite—yet so accurate and sturdy! Swiss jewel movement, unbreakable crystal, luminous dial for night reading. Absolutely guaranteed—money back if not pleased within 10 days. **6.98**

New CALENDAR Watch
NOW—the watch that tells the date, hour, minute, second at a glance! Date changes automatically every 24 hours! A handsome, precision watch you'll wear with pride. **7.98** Bargain price.



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Extra heavy ring for big time men. 5 Pseudo Diamonds of great brilliancy set in Natural Gold color. **3.55**

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Amazing—eyes flash weirdly with red glow. Gold plated. Mysterious looking. Big value at **2.67**

"THE ROYALE"
Looks like a fortune! Blazing Ruby-red color stone flanked by 2 Pseudo Diamonds. Last word in manly styling. Only **3.48**

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SPECIAL 6.95

Wonder 4-in-1 Stop CHRONOGRAPH

Try to beat this bargain anywhere in the U. S. A. 4-in-1 Imported Stop Swiss CHRONOGRAPH and Wrist Watch combined! Best of all, you can try it for 10 full days at OUR RISK!

11 — WONDER FEATURES — 11

It's a tachometer, telemeter, DOUBLE Push Button STOP watch. It measures SPEED as well as DISTANCES of horse and auto races, sports, planes, boats, moving objects. Actually has SPLIT-SECOND calibration, unbreakable crystal, sweep-second hand, luminous numerals & hands, sturdy SHOCK-RESIST case. Everyone wants one—students, soldiers, sailors, aviators, race fans, sportsmen, photographers, engineers, and all active men. A wonderful timekeeper! **UNLIMITED GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS!** Never a charge for skilled labor. Price with full instructions **6.95**

Glamour WEDDING Rings



Very beautiful and impressive! These perfectly matched Engagement and Wedding rings resemble Diamond and White Gold sets selling for \$500.00 and more! The gift of a lifetime! Satisfaction guaranteed or full price back quick! Special sale price. **2.50**



"MAGIC" WEATHER ROSE

Amazing! Beautiful and magical! Rose indicates weather changes by its color! RED indicates stormy weather, BLUE, fair weather, and LAVENDER, a change coming. Place near window... Very decorative. Complete with flower pot. **1.00**



Super-Power Field Glasses

UNHEARD OF VALUE! Extra BIG size SUPER-POWER Field Glasses, streamlined design, rugged all-metal construction, automatic distance control, carrying strap and POWERFUL ground lenses. Distant people, objects, mountains, wild animals, sports, etc., appear as if only inches or yards away. You'd expect to pay MANY times our sensational low price of **2.94**

Send NO money!

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131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Write articles desired on lines below. Pay price shown plus a few cents postage and excise tax on delivery. Then TRY 10 DAYS FREE! You take no risk—FULL PRICE BACK UNLESS THRILLED AND DELIGHTED!

Name _____
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2.97
Men's INITIAL Ring
Your own INITIAL in raised Gold Color Effect set in a RUBY color stone, flanked by 2 Sparkling Pseudo DIAMONDS imported from Europe. Rich Gold Plated. Fashionable! Smart! Wear with pride—enjoy a lifetime. Mention letter desired. Only **2.97**



ETERNAL LOVE WEDDING SET
Something special and very pretty! Imported from Europe, set in a gorgeous K14 GOLD color, exquisitely designed. Your price for both—**4.89**, yet they look like \$750.00 and more! They sparkle & shine rays of light. Enjoy a LIFE-TIME! Try at our risk! Price back quick if not thrilled! **RUSH COUPON!**

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

UL UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage

ELECTRIC
*Spot
Reducer*

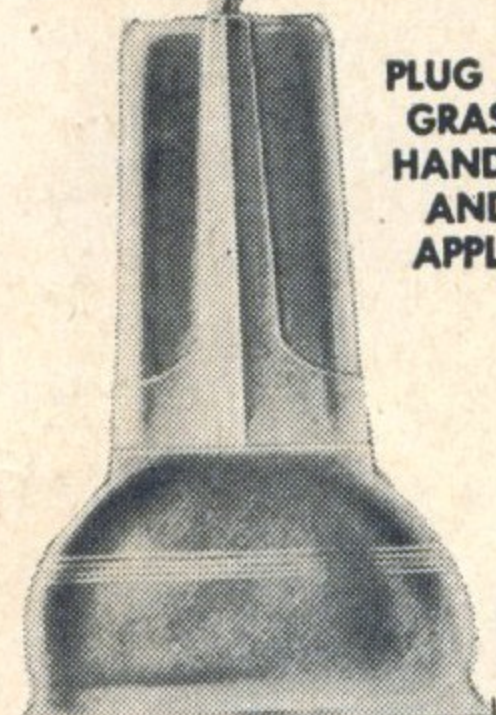


FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking
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Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

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With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

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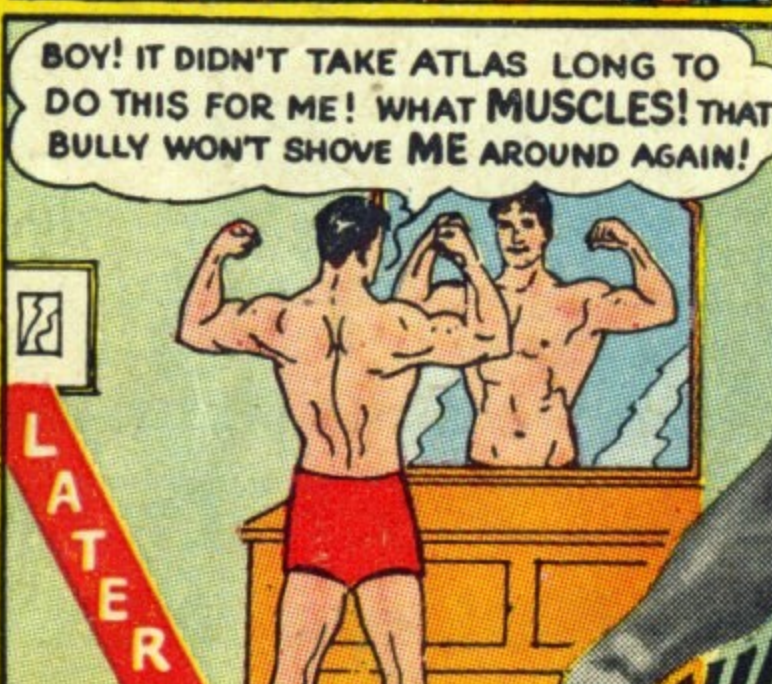
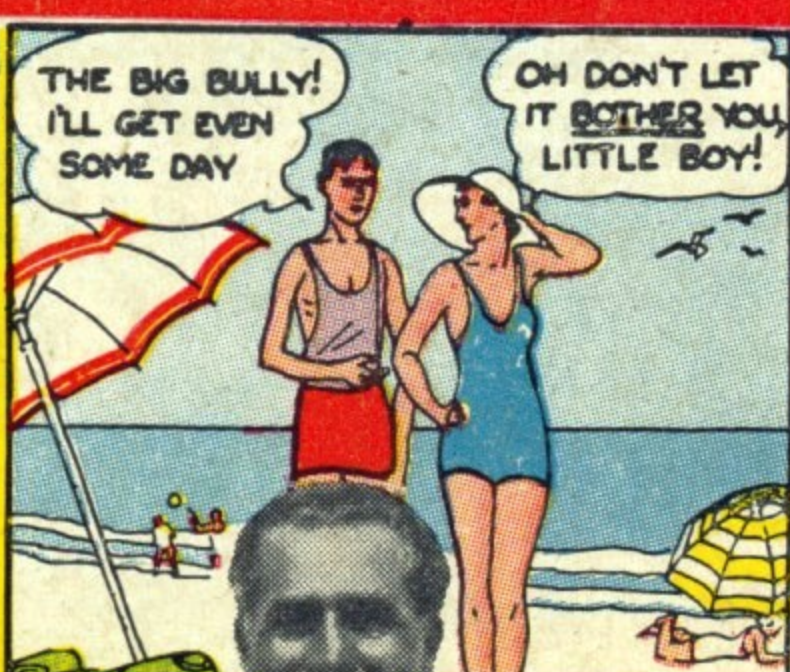
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BROUGHT HIM

FAME

INSTEAD
OF

SHAME



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*Charles
Atlas*

—actual photo of
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